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Things General

ATTORNEY-GENERAL PUGSLEY of New Brunswick, according to a long and interesting statement in the St. John, N.B., "Telegraph," is not satisfied with the refusal of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to listen to his plea that the representation of his province be not decreased. He and Mr. A. B. Aylesworth argued the case for New Brunswick and P. E. I., and made considerable out of the plea that if Quebec's representation, which is the unit of the representation of other provinces in the House of Commons, be maintained, though Quebec has been largely increased in area, other provinces with no chance to enlarge their boundaries must continue to diminish as the new territory of Quebec is populated. Of course Mr. Pugsley goes too far in suggesting that after Quebec's immense area is filled P. E. I., which began with six representatives, may ultimately have none. This is almost *reductio ad absurdum*, but it is apparently sufficient to prove to two provinces that the B. N. A. Act needs revision. If it were the only proof of the necessity of revision it might be insufficient, but it is only one—and a minor one—of many. The "News," which, though anxious for many reforms, seems to back up and sit on the whiplash whenever it comes face to face with a difficulty, in commenting on Mr. Pugsley's attitude says: "For the present a movement to amend the Act of 1867 on vital points is not the wisest course to pursue. The Act is not sacred, of course, and may some day be put into the melting-pot. But in that event the demand for amendments should come from Parliament, rather than any of the Legislatures. It is improbable that anyone would succeed in a radical amendment where so great a man as Joseph Howe failed."

Is it the wisest course to belittle the grievances and exaggerate the difficulties of provinces that are dissatisfied with the B. N. A. Act? While the "News" admits that the Act is not unalterable like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and claims, with technical correctness, that a plea for alteration should come from the Dominion Parliament and not from provincial legislatures, has it ever considered the difficulties of a province with small representation obtaining the co-operation of enough members of the House of Commons to obtain a majority? One of the greatest weaknesses of the B. N. A. Act, as I have previously pointed out, is that it provides no machinery for its revision. Presuming, then, that a province has, or thinks it has, a real grievance, is it likely to nurse the sore spot until the inflammation becomes general, or is it more likely to proceed in some peremptory fashion to make its demands felt?

Changing the venue from New Brunswick and P. E. I. to Ontario, consider the situation which would be created if a strong leader were to arise, conduct an uncompromising campaign against all connection between Church and State—including the abolition of exemption from taxation of churches and church property and the discontinuance of Separate schools—carry the province with him, as he no doubt would by an overwhelming majority, and demand of the Dominion Parliament that a remedial act be passed and the Imperial consent petitioned for—where would we be at?

Even if the demand for such remedial legislation should recognize that Quebec should be released from that portion of the bond allowing Protestant Separate schools in that province where the Public schools are Catholic, would the representatives of Quebec consent to an alteration of the terms of the original pact? Would it not be argued that if the original document were to be altered to suit Ontario in this regard, it would have to be altered again and again either to suit Ontario in some other respect or in obedience to the demand of some other province or partnership of provinces? Furthermore, would it not be insisted that if this so-called toleration of a religious empire within an empire, so to speak, were to cease, the toleration of the dual languages would be the next to disappear in Federal affairs? It would be an unfortunate thing if this line of argument were followed, but it really brings us back to the point at which Attorney-General Pugsley finds himself. The grievance of New Brunswick and P. E. I. is a Federal matter. The objection Ontario has to Separate schools being fastened on to the body politic is a purely provincial matter with a reflex action in Quebec.

A Catholic gentleman speaking to me the other day said that he feared that if the Separate school question were again opened up in Ontario it would create an insistent demand for the abolition of these schools, which, if carried to its logical conclusion, would receive the support of all Protestants but the most politically hidebound, and all the liberal-minded Catholics. He quite agreed with me that Sir William Meredith only went far enough to alienate the Catholics without drawing to himself non-Catholics irrespective of party, as he would have done had he declared for the abolition of Separate schools. "I am sure," said he, "that such a campaign in Ontario would result in an enormous majority demanding a change of the B. N. A. Act in this respect. And the change would have to be made. If the greatest province of Canada, paying three-fifths of the taxes, were to make such a demand, even if the Dominion Parliament would not listen to it, the Imperial Parliament would be forced to take action. This action would be with regard to an instrument which has its continued force because passed by the Imperial Parliament and is subject to change at their hands alone." While this gentleman strongly favored the abolition of Separate schools he cautioned me not to mention his name in the matter or the clerics would make him sorry he spoke. I agree with him on every point, though I confess I have been somewhat reluctant to put it as strongly as he did lest I might appear to stand alone in an extreme, though by no means revolutionary, position. Twenty years ago I participated in an incipient agitation for a revision of the B. N. A. Act, but was persuaded to abandon it by organizations which led me for the time to believe that the necessity for changes would disappear as years wore on. To-day I am more firmly convinced than ever that we must have a radical change in the basis of our citizenship, in this province at least, and that Ontario can no longer afford to permit any section of the community to divert taxes raised for educational purposes to the propaganda of the hierarchy, that the canon law stands superior to the civil law. No matter how we may disagree with our Public school system and the policy pursued by the Government in its management of Public schools, we all agree that the education offered is sound in a national sense, and over eighty per cent. of the people of Ontario are quite convinced that the Separate school system not only tends to a division of the people into more or less opposing groups, but that the education offered by it is unsound as regards the relation of the citizen to the State.

THE streak of cussedness in human nature has queer ways of showing itself. In Tuesday's Police Court a man named Ross got sixty days' hard labor in default of a fifty dollar fine, for ringing half a dozen fire alarms the night before. He pleaded drunkenness, as usual when a man has to account for a fool-freak, though he must have been fairly sober to cover as much ground as he did in reaching half a dozen fire alarm boxes. Probably he had in mind Dr. Shear's criticism of the fire brigade, that they did not take enough exercise, and laid himself out to give them a busy night. In the same court a man named Lennie was arraigned for beating his wife into insensibility with a rolling-pin. He had no defence but that she had summoned him for non-support. She was just dressing to go to the Police Court to have her complaint heard, when he paid her an early morning call and mauled her nearly to death. It is hard to account for these things or to adapt the gentle doctrine preached by the Quakers in session here this week, that kindness is the best means of controlling the evil propensities of human nature, to the treatment of them.

I have a sincere respect for the Society of Friends; their doctrines and example harmonize so well and so strongly tend towards good citizenship. Honest and peaceful, they avoid litigation, make no noise in politics, and do not either individually or collectively use their religion to obtain recognition or subsidies from the State. Their organization is not a very

great one, but it has been of incalculable benefit to the world, and like Unitarianism and other so-called heterodox teachings that of the Quakers has done much to modify the views and conduct of other denominations. Such people as Ross and Lennie—and there are many of them—not only accentuate the Friends' plea for greater care in the bringing up of children, but put into the list of impossibilities the idea of everyone being so constituted as to be amenable to kindness. All men are not alike cussed in delighting in the pain and annoyance of others, but all of them have some of it in them. While there can be no general rule of treating everybody always with kindness, the world would doubtless be a mighty sight better if the plan were tried with all children and only abandoned when found to be a failure in particular instances. Among grown-up people kindness shown is generally well measured to conform with the kindness received. In actual practice, no doubt, the Friends conform more to this modified proposition than they do to their own, and it would be well for the world if there were more of them.

HONORABLE MR. PARENT, Premier of Quebec, has been nominated as representative of the Government on the G. T. P. Board, and a better selection could not have been made, for Mr. Parent is not only an honest and able man, but will satisfy the French-Canadians, who doubtless would have made complaint if their nationality had seemed to have been ignored in the management of this quasi-government project. Speaking before this appointment, the "News" satirically urged the selection of a French-Canadian "lest a frightful war of races would result." Its ironical remark was by no means intended to be racially offensive, but furnished an excellent text for a protest against "the absurd lengths to which political exigencies carry us in this country." It is bad enough to be continually busy in a national sense, to keep from stepping on racial corns; it is worse to be everlastingly dodging about and ignoring principles, prudence and propriety—three very important p's—for fear we may offend that religio-political organization which keeps itself

considerately used and paid nearly double the wages given to ordinary help. The experiment is said to be an unqualified success, and as no one is allowed to go from school into service until thoroughly trained, employers may have every confidence in being well served. The school is also used as a Home where these trained women may sojourn when out of employment. It seems to me not only a good thing for helpless women of the better class socially, but also for helpless families of the better class financially. The social knowledge of the servant must prove of infinite benefit to those who are well-to-do financially but are only partially acquainted with the refinements of living.

Much sympathy is also felt for the religious rendered homeless and helpless by the breaking up of the unregistered convents in France. The members of these religious orders are almost invariably drawn from the ranks of the well-to-do, and probably many of them took refuge in convents on account of bereavements separating them from family or fortune, or both. Those who had money doubtless followed the general rule of endowing a religious order with all their worldly wealth, and with the dismemberment of the order find themselves both without home and fortune. The eyes that look upon the gentle-faced sisters of mercy who go about the streets of every city even pretending to civilization, must be cold and cynical indeed if they see anything but beautiful self-denial and a gentle striving to be of use to others in the patient faces of these religious. The sisters of mercy, welcome everywhere, of use everywhere, will not be the ones who suffer, but those who have been cloistered and have so spent their days and nights in solitude and prayer as to unfit them for anything but a continuation of their self-imposed renunciation of the world, will surely find the change most disturbing. I believe as absolutely in the goodness of these religious women as I do that they are useless in this workaday world, where as I see to it is the duty of everyone not only to be virtuous, but to help others to be good. If, as reported—reported, possibly, to obtain sympathy for the religious and to create prejudice against the French Government—these in-

census taken at the close of the war, which occurred shortly after the expulsion of Dom Pedro from Brazil (1889), showed a proportion of thirteen women to one man. It is a poor place for farming, though vegetation of a semi-tropical sort grows so luxuriantly as to be coarse in texture. The great difficulty is in finding a market for the exports. Sugar is now grown so plentifully almost everywhere that to grow it for export it must be bounty-fed, and meets countervailing duties in foreign ports. Most magnificent tobacco is grown in Paraguay, but there is no market for it except to a limited extent in Argentina, where, strangely enough, much tobacco from Virginia is imported, of an inferior quality to that of Paraguay, but milder in flavor. In Argentina, Paraguayan tobacco is partially boiled, the extracted nicotine being made into dope to kill sheep-ticks, and the reduced leaf made into cigarettes. Paraguay is a poor country to go to, difficult of access, uncertain of government, and warmer than is comfortable.

CONGRESSMAN McCALL, of Massachusetts, in speaking at Harvard not long ago, pointed out as one of the great perils threatening the United States "the partnership between great financial interests and the press." In his opinion "money, not brains, wealth, not convictions, are the necessary bases of large newspaper enterprise." The proprietor of a great newspaper must necessarily be a rich man, and thus his interests are identical with those of other rich men—interests which must be assumed as by no means identical with those of the average man. A community of interest among the owners of great newspapers is gradually being established, and as a result powerful papers are adding to their power of great financiers, promoters, political corruptionists and the beneficiaries of legislation, while on the other hand these millionaire "graffers" are adding to the power and wealth of the rich newspapers to such an extent as to make competition with them almost impossible, and he predicts that there shall be "news barons" as well as "steel barons." Ultimately, he fears that the newspapers will naturally divide into two classes, those "snuggly proclaiming to the multitude the freedom of the press, full of blessing to themselves," and "the struggling, short-lived newspaper wildly crying out for liberty and smearing on the yellow in order to gain a living support." Between the two sorts, he goes on to say, "most people would not be on the side of the sleek, thoroughly commercialized champion of privilege, trying to lead public opinion in the direction of its own interests, baffling justice in her eternal struggle to give one measure to all men," but would be on the side of the "miserable starveling yellow sheet crying out against a system of government for the benefit of the few."

Considerable newspaper comment since the St. Louis convention has been in the direction of identifying the support given to Parker by the leading newspapers of the United States, with the preference of great corporate interests for a safe candidate—one who, if elected, will be unlikely to disturb the financial interests of the magnates. The Republican papers consider it significant that "while the majority of the newspapers throughout the country—those least likely to be influenced by improper motives—will support Roosevelt, only one of the great morning papers of New York—the city which is the center of corporate interests—upholds his candidacy. The 'Sun,' the 'Times,' the 'Herald,' the 'World,' are for Parker," who is called the nominee of Wall street. In various quarters the newspapers are not backward in stigmatizing certain of the New York newspapers as being controlled by Rockefeller, the Morgan group of financiers, and others. Hearst, the ex-candidate, he of the circuit of yellow newspapers, is being sued for \$100,000 libel by a newspaper which he editorially accused of belonging to Mr. Morgan.

All this is interesting to Canadians only as it accentuates the too well founded fear that leading Canadian newspapers are by no means free from the same class of ownership and influences. As New York is the center of the great publication enterprises of the United States, so Toronto is the center of a similar but smaller sort in Canada. The influence of newspapers proceeding from such a center is great—greater, perhaps, than it ought to be. In local matters the newspapers in smaller places are greatly influenced by local interests, but in large matters they are apt to speak their minds much more freely and be guided by purer motives than those described by Congressman McCall as "thoroughly commercialized." Even if the big papers of a city like Toronto are not all controlled, or at least not completely controlled, by corporate influences, they are at least controlled by their advertisers, upon whom they rely almost altogether for support. Notwithstanding their large circulations there is not a daily paper in Toronto which could begin to half-live on what is paid for it by the subscriber. Eager as they are for news, not one of them, it will be noticed, will ever attack even the wildest kind of wild-cat scheme if fattered by any financial concern which controls advertising patronage. The desperate rush is to get a large circulation in the hope of getting a large advertising patronage, and the means adopted to get this circulation, it is to be feared, is not by obtaining a reputation for being on the side of the people inalienably and always, but by giving an excess of sensational news or by pandering to some particular element, or by practically giving the paper away.

THE advent of a Russian heir is to be made the occasion of the removal of the knot from the backs of Russian prisoners and peasants. If Russian reforms are to come singly with the birth of royal boys, the Czarina will have a big family before Russia will be a good imitation of a free country. A couple more Jew killings indicate that affliction has not reduced the anti-Semitic impulses of the Russian as shown at the Kishineff massacre. It seems strange to read in the cables of "religious riots" at Ostrowitz and at Sedlitz, at which hundreds of Jews were reported wounded and some killed. Of course these reports are partially denied by the Department of Police, though they admit that twenty were wounded and one killed at Ostrowitz, and only a few wounded in the Province of Sedlitz. They would probably have us believe that the ammunition used in the latter place was only Sedlitz powder.

THE suggestion that the Exhibition Association should invite Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas, the commander of the British fleet on the North Atlantic station, to open the Exhibition, is a good one. No doubt if Sir Wilfrid Laurier had felt that his health justified him in performing the function the people of this province would have given him a warm welcome. The Exhibition Board would do well to take the advice of the "News" and invite the Admiral, who is a Canadian by birth and was coming to Toronto anyway, to bring with him as many as possible of his officers and men. An exhibition of bluejackets and their guns would not only be an attractive feature of the Exhibition, but would be worth acres of editorial in bringing the public to understand a little something of what the British navy means and Canada's duty towards contributing to its support.

Such a thing as permitting a large number of bluejackets to leave their ships for an inland visit is quite possible. I happened to be in the City of Mexico during Queen Victoria's jubilee in 1897. Some British warships were at Vera Cruz. At the invitation of the British residents of Mexico several hundred men were permitted shore leave, lasting about a week; special trains were provided over the Mexican Railway (owned by British capitalists); money was raised in Mexico City for their entertainment, and the jolly tars came on and had the jolliest kind of a jolly time. It was reported in the English-speaking papers that the officers in charge gave them absolute liberty when they arrived at Mexico City, only telling them to conduct themselves as British sailors should. Free drinks ranging from pulque to champagne were at their disposal in all the first-class bars of the city, the reception committee guaranteeing payment where the entertainment was not volunteered by the proprietors, yet if any of them got tipsy they were cared for by their comrades and made no public exhibition of themselves. A concert was given in one of the theaters, at which the sailors sang, wrestled, danced and gave recitations, and made fun for everybody. They rode the cab horses, the street



DOING HIS BEST.

An English paper suggests that John Bull should make himself more attractive to Canada and Australia.

still more separate from the majority of the people than even a difference of race and language could excuse. The "News" makes a good point in suggesting that the French-Canadian director of the Grand Trunk "will not be doing his duty if he allows any Scotch iron, English ties or Irish grades on the line, and all the proceedings of the Board should be conducted in both languages—simultaneously." Bi-lingual proceedings in the Railroad Board would not be more out of place than in the Dominion Parliament, much as may be said in favor of both French and English in the Legislature of Quebec. Optimists hope that this sort of thing will die out in time. Will it ever?

GENTLEWOMEN in straitened circumstances excite the sympathy of even those poorer than themselves. One naturally imagines that those who have been well-to-do must find poverty especially bitter. The peasant who has never known anything but sordid toil and unsympathetic surroundings is supposed to have no yearnings after a better condition, except an occasional pang of envy may be classed as such. Much must depend, however, upon those we classify as gentlemen. The really gentle nature stands adversity with a sweet fortitude absolutely lacking in those ordinarily classified as gentlemen—either because they are proud or unaccustomed to work. The really well-bred woman is more accustomed to self-sacrifice than those who have to toil, for not an hour passes without bringing to those surrounded by luxury and a throng of friends, acquaintances and dependents, an opportunity of self-denial—that class of self-denial which is absolutely imperative to those who have a high station to maintain. The discipline arising from such a life makes honorable poverty endurable, though it does not afford a preparation to escape any of the bruises which come to those who do not know how to make a living. Fortunately those better trained for the battle of life by necessities youth are inclined to be indulgent, and even generous, to these gentle unfortunates, who are apt to be so woefully useless. Those who have simply had money and lost it are liable, lacking the fortitude brought about by discipline, to continually bemoan their losses; to them luxury meant nothing but an easy idleness, poverty seems worse than death, and their wails are annoying but fruitless.

Much is being written about schools carried on in London in which impecunious gentlemen are fitted for domestic service. They are trained on the same plan as hospital nurses are prepared for their work, wear a uniform, and maintain the same distinction from menials as is insisted upon by the trained nurse. Chamber and parlor-maids and cooks of this class find no difficulty in obtaining situations where they are

nates of the abolished convents are being forced to take to domestic service, the hardship of their lot must appeal to us all. Yet at many points in the world's history have similar occurrences appealed to the sympathetic, while the events themselves have tended to the betterment of social and religious conditions. I can conceive of no grander thing for France than the change of these cloistered lives into active elements for the good of others. The moral and religious benefits to the thousands of worldly homes into which these good women would enter as servants or companions are incalculable. It seems to me that it will be difficult to prove that the religious will be subjected to severer sacrifices than they imposed upon themselves in the convents of their choice, or that they will accomplish less good in the homes than in the cloisters.

The great law of average, of compensation, of the survival of what is best, of the return of the moisture to the clouds which gave it forth as rain, of the changing of river-beds and channels to afford the rushing waters a channel of escape when they overwhelm the land—everything in the vast and beneficent organization of the world's forces seems to tend mightily towards the restoration of that which had seemed to be lost and to the balancing of those things which seem to have become unequal.

A TEXAN has been visiting Ottawa and has decided to establish a model town of the Universal Brotherhood variety in proximity to the Capital. He proposes to call the place Philanthropy, and the appropriateness of the name to anything in the neighborhood of Ottawa is obvious. They could probably colonize Mr. Davis, who has the lighting contract of the Cornwall Canal, and provide farm work for the Senators while they are drawing their indemnity at the Capital. Similar schemes elsewhere have been failures, perhaps owing to the lack of colonization material and a market for votes, which Ottawa affords in abundance. A Canadian industry of this sort should be encouraged, for it appears that considerable alarm is felt for the safety of a couple of Toronto ladies, Mrs. Jacks and Mrs. McLeod, who with their husbands colonized themselves in Paraguay in conjunction with a number of adventurous and philanthropic English folk. A revolution is now raging in South American fashion in their neighborhood, and their friends in this city feel considerable anxiety as to their probable fate. I had hardly thought that there were enough men left in Paraguay to get up an able-bodied revolution. For thirty years the republic in the interior of South America fought with Brazil over a line fence dispute of some sort, until there were practically no more soldiers between fourteen and sixty years of age to be killed off. A rude

men, climbed the telegraph poles, and were permitted to do as they pleased. The Mexicans were hugely delighted and the sailors had the time of their lives. After the jollification got fully under way some of the Britishers feared that it might go too far, but nothing happened; and though I still consider it was a dangerous experiment in a foreign country, the officers doubtless knew what they were about, for no one was granted shore leave who had any black marks against him. If a visit three or four hundred miles inland were possible in Mexico, surely a trainload of tars could be brought up from Halifax if Toronto and the Exhibition Board were prepared to pay the shot—the free booze omitted, of course.

A SORT of epidemic of yellowness seems to be going the rounds of the Toronto daily papers. So far two evening papers have fallen victims to the malady and show symptoms that would lead one to believe they are suffering from rather painful attacks. One day last week a sensational report from the United States claimed that a man had been struck on the back by lightning and a faint suggestion of an imperfect cross was imprinted on his skin. A day or two later one of our evening papers came out with what was alleged to be a portrait of the man and a photograph of his back—showing a perfect cross bearing the figure of Christ! To employ a no more vigorous term, this is yellowness with a vengeance. This week a local ruffian pounded his wife over the head with a rolling-pin until she was insensible—and out came the rival journals with photographs of two different houses, each claiming to be the place where the assault occurred. In a notorious saloon in the Bowery, New York, there is a picture-frame hanging on the wall in which may be seen a crumpled piece of paper bearing a dirty-looking blotch, and beneath the blotch is the legend, "Charlie Mitchell's blood, wiped from the ring after his fight with John L. Sullivan, 18—." There is an idea for the "News" and "Star." They might have their photographers follow the police around and take snap-shots of any gore that may chance to be spilled in their presence. They might be able to secure samples of the real thing, and though they could not easily furnish it as a premium to new subscribers they could readily turn out facsimiles that would serve the purpose. Such a scheme should prove of great value in building up a circulation among the class to which these papers seem determined to cater. They might as well do the business up properly while they are at it.

BUNCOED out of what should have been hers at the conclusion of her war with China, Japan appears determined that she shall be the victim of no diplomatic funny business during the present little disturbance with Russia. Scrupulously punctilious in her observance of the conventionalities which the great powers have established as a code of war, humane in her treatment of prisoners and of the wounded, careful to bury the dead and to show herself to be a civilized power, Japan has been under the searchlight of the nations from the very beginning of hostilities. The Russians have made charges against the Japs of inhumanity, but nothing of the sort has been established, though it is known that the Russians let hundreds of Japanese from sinking vessels drown without offering to save them, while the Japs, instead of pursuing the enemy, took infinite pains to save the sailors of the "Rurik," over six hundred of whom, naked and shivering, were pulled aboard Japanese boats after the fight with the Vladivostok raiders. If Japan had been given Korea after she whipped China she would have seen that causes for the present war were not multiplied by Russia, and while she may have violated the international neutrality code by towing the Russian destroyer out of a Chinese harbor, and may give offence by her bold front in demanding that Russian war vessels be not repaired in neutral harbors and then emerge for destructive purposes, Japan is wise to have the line drawn when the sympathy of the world is with her, instead of waiting until Russian intrigue can play the flimflam game as it was played before.

IN the Presidential campaign in the United States this year, strenuousness is not to be the monopoly of the two principals. Though Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Parker are taking eight-foot fences before breakfast, tossing boulders around as if they were rubber balls, breaking swimming records and ripping things up generally, the candidates for the Vice-Presidency are giving them a hard run for their reputations. Senator Fairbanks, the Republican candidate, has so far distanced his Democratic rival in the contest of muscle. He is reported to have been annoyed by an unsightly old tree standing in a forest through which he chanced to be walking the other day. What did he do? Order a man to fetch an axe and chop the offender down? No. That would not have been according to the Roosevelt doctrine. He removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and yanked at the rotten trunk for an hour. Finally he seemed to tire of the job. He got into his coat again and resumed his journey. But presently the thought occurred to him that this wasn't the way to win a Yankee political contest. He retraced his steps, tackled the tree once more, and at the end of another hour or so the cause of his displeasure fell with a crash—and the Senator's stock immediately jumped fifty per cent. Republican partisans profess to see in the

triumph of Fairbanks over the dying tree a sign of his defeat of Mr. Davis, the Democratic candidate. But Davis, though eighty-one years old, refuses to believe for a minute that there is anything in the superstitious theory. While Fairbanks was fighting it out in the forest, the "Grand Old Man of the South" was doing a few strenuous stunts himself. According to the newspapers of his party, he spent the day working as a common laborer on his farm, holding up his end with the youngest of his fifteen employees—and at night did another day's work in his office. It is after reading guff of this kind that the electors of the United States are expected to grow enthusiastic and turn out and vote for men who perform these wonders. One would think that the most convincing proof of a candidate's qualification for an important public office would be some unusual intellectual achievement. But in the United States this seems not to be the case. The chances are Roosevelt, Parker, Fairbanks and Davis know what their people want, and they are going to give it to them even if they have to rip their lungs and strain their backs to do it.

A CATHOLIC paper intimates that I am one of those suspicious people who are continually seeing signs of hierarchical intrigue where no intrigue exists. While I should not like to be classed with the weak-minded and suspicious, continually afraid of a traditional ghost, I do not know that such a situation would be more humiliating than to be grouped with the credulous and careless, at all times blind or indifferent to the unpatriotic and unsettling political propaganda of the Bishops. At the present moment the Hierarchy is straining every nerve to upset the settlement of the Manitoba school question which followed the refusal of remedial legislation in 1896. We are all aware that Archbishop Languevin scorned the even generous terms allowed the Church by the amendments to the School Act passed by the Manitoba Legislature in 1897. The stubborn resistance of all attempts of the majority to work in reasonable harmony with the leaders of the minority no doubt caused the Roman Catholics of Winnipeg considerable expense and annoyance in maintaining parochial schools in unsuitable and frequently unsanitary buildings. Throughout those sections of the Province of Manitoba where the Catholics were in the majority the policy of resistance has been more effective. Letters published in the Winnipeg "Tribune" and recently copied in the Toronto "News" indicate that in many places so-called Public schools are held in convents, which actually receive from the municipalities and the provincial grant not only enough to support the schools, but to practically endow the religious institutions. The nuns teach in the dress of the various orders they represent, crucifixes are prominently displayed, kissed by the teachers and presented to the scholars for the same salutation. The text-books have been changed from the authorized readers to those of a Catholic variety, and even the Protestant children, whether those of the locality or boarders in the convent, are not free from proselyting influences. Mr. Alfred G. Hewitt, writing from St. Laurent, says the education afforded in these schools is such that those who go as Protestants soon conform to the Roman Catholic creed. The change of creed would seem unimportant to me if I did not believe the struggle of the Hierarchy to establish temporal power in every community and in every country is a damage to good citizenship, inasmuch as a good citizen must have his first loyalty to the State. I consider from a national point of view the continual intriguing of the Hierarchy to induce their adherents to put the Church—temporal power pretensions and all—first and the State afterwards, demoralizing and disloyal. The refusal of the Hierarchy to accept the laws of a province as final in the matter of Public schools is not a good example to the coming citizens whom they insist upon teaching. If the pupils are taught that the Church can properly evade laws and disregard governments in one matter, it seems to me evident that they will grow up with no reverence for any law excepting that of the Church; and as these laws occasionally appear to come in conflict with the laws of the State, the State is necessarily damaged. It is, then, the duty of the State to protect itself from such aggression. The correspondent quoted from the book of Ontario in administering the school law in some instances, but recent events have demonstrated that the "Roman Catholic vote" in many, if not all, cases considers itself an entity. In Sturgeon Falls, for instance, the Separate School Board held up the municipality when a bonus-vote was impending, until an illegal agreement was signed giving a share of the school taxes of the new industry to the Roman Catholic schools. The Separate School Board of St. Catharines threatened to do the same, but the agitation resulting from the Sturgeon Falls affair was too recent, the effort threatened to be a failure and was abandoned. In Cornwall a couple of industrial concerns were applying for bonuses; the representatives of the Hierarchy were afraid to attempt obtaining an open agreement, but it is stated that the subsidized companies were induced to promise not only to "pay the regular Public school tax on the assessment of their property, but in addition a sum equivalent to the share of the Separate School Board" on pain of having the bonus by-laws opposed by the Catholic vote. Two years ago, it is alleged, a carefully concealed clause was put in the agreement with the Cornwall Furniture Company when they were applying for a bonus, which gave the Separate School Board a share in the taxes, contrary to the spirit of the law. This is certainly using, or threatening to use, the "Catholic vote" in a way which must be demoralizing not only to the beneficiaries of such evasions of the statutes, but to the citizens of a country generally, and the Hierarchy cannot evade the responsibility for these evidences of contempt for the civil law. If this sort of intrigue is not sufficient to excite criticism and alarm I know of nothing but the fear of death or disease that can be said to properly create anxiety. Either the individual or institution that under the guise of religion endeavors to obtain that which does not belong to him or it, is an insidious and rhetorical plotter, deserving the severest of law-abiding citizen because of the cloak of hypocrisy, and I care not whether the individual be a Methodist financier or the institution a Roman Catholic church.

NEXT to Africa the United States has more negroes than any other country—nine and a quarter millions—nineteenth of whom are in the Southern States. About two-thirds of these are engaged in agriculture, the other third apparently trying their hand at almost everything else. There are over 21,000 teachers, and the same number of carpenters and joiners. Clergymen and barbers are not quite so numerous. There are 14,000 each dressmakers and masons, about the same number of engineers and firemen, 10,000 blacksmiths, nearly 4,000 musicians and teachers of music, and nearly 300 artists and teachers of art. The census of 1900, which gives these figures, indicates that negroes are a short-lived race, and half of the black population of the United States is below nineteen years of age, while the median line for the whites is twenty-three. It is noticeable that the proportion of negroes in the United States in 1900 is less than ten per cent of the whole population, while in 1790 it was between nineteen and twenty per cent. While the white population is evidently increasing much faster than the colored race and has greater vitality, if acting unitedly, make terrible trouble. Illiteracy is decreasing, it is evident that a certain culture is not unusual, and it seems more than possible that the black race in the United States will yet develop leaders and an organization sufficient to make itself a real and perhaps dangerous political factor in the Republic.

SPEAKER CANNON of the United States House of Representatives is a victim of all the popular delusions of his fellow countrymen. In an interview the other day, the general subject of which was a wholesale boost of the genius, attainments and future of the Yankee and his republic, he naturally turned aside to settle the destiny of Canada. "Canada is already almost a part of the United States," he said. "It may remain still tied to England in a nominal way, but as time goes on it will become American in sympathy and

more and more American in population and industry. It is a land of vast undeveloped resources which are to be opened up by our people." It is evidently the certainty of a great rush of immigration from the United States which furnishes Speaker Cannon with his idea—an idea generally held on the other side of the boundary—that this country is bound soon to become "Americanized." An examination of human nature or a slight knowledge of history would soon remove this error. Look at the American colonists before there was a United States. They came from Great Britain—and were British subjects. But that did not make them any more willing to sacrifice their own interests that they might keep up their connection with the Mother Country. The citizens of the United States who come into Canada have no such strong reason for hoping that this country will some day become part of the Union, as the founders of the Republic had for remaining British subjects. The great majority of them were either born in Europe or their fathers were born there. Their patriotic sentiment is, therefore, not so strong as would be the case if they had been for centuries native to the land that they have left. They come to a country that has no political connection with the States, but a country where almost the same language is spoken. They soon understand us as well as they understand each other. They desire to have a voice in the government. This necessitates their becoming British subjects—and a natural pride in their new home stimulates the spirit of competition which is a noted characteristic of the people of or from the United States, and in a short time they are the most vigorous opponents of annexation that come to Canada because of the opportunities that this country furnishes for improving their condition. They, therefore, have no desire to assist in bringing the Republic after them, and with it the conditions which they previously found sufficiently unattractive to leave behind. I have yet to hear that it is characteristic of the shrewd Yankee, when he discovers a good thing, to call in all his neighbors to share it.

COORDING to the evening papers, Rev. Mr. Cattenach of Winnipeg, formerly of Fergus, charges someone—and I am not named—who was C. P. R. baggage-man at Fort William—with stealing a combination shotgun and rifle and some five hundred dollars' worth of sermons, shipped in his baggage by the reverend gentleman when he moved from Fergus to Winnipeg. The minister must have had a warning of the sort of congregation he would have in the Western city when he went prepared to instill divine grace into the Winnipeggers with a shotgun if necessary. Perhaps if he had not lost his old sermons he might have needed the rifle part of the combination to convince his hearers that he was an up-to-date preacher. I can imagine a baggage-man hankering for a shotgun, but what did he want with the sermons?

THE "Mail and Empire" one day this week forgot to editorially bleat "Keep both hands on the Union Jack," but made up for it by ridiculing the design of a Canadian flag proposed twenty years ago, as being too much like a rag carpet. Since the design was offered Canada has been given a special flag by the Imperial authorities and the subject properly dropped, but the "M. and E." should not be remiss, for at a moment's notice it is well remembered the "Mail" and of the combination not only let go of the Union Jack, but had hold of the Stars and Stripes with at least one of its none too clean hands.

D. R. SHEARD'S criticism of the dirty condition of our streets has called forth strong protests from those persons who believe that nothing of an uncompromising nature concerning the city should ever be published. It seems to me that the Health Officer's remarks were very apt, and the prompt action of the Retail Merchants' Association in appealing to the Board of Control for relief from the dust nuisance is well justified. All this summer the streets have been in a worse condition than usual, despite the wet weather which we have had. Dust is not only annoying to the citizens and visitors, and injurious to the stocks of retail merchants, but it is a great menace to health. It has been established that dust flying through the air is largely responsible for the prevalence of consumption. This fact alone should be sufficient to induce the City Council to make every provision necessary for keeping the streets in a good condition. The Board of Control's defence, that street-cleaning is as well looked after in Toronto as it is in the cities of the United States, is no defence at all.

Don'ts for Writers.

DON'T think there are any others. In all likelihood there are not. Don't think the first subject you strike has ever been used before. The chances are no one has ever thought of it. In any case, it is very probable you will handle it much better than any of your predecessors. Don't have any doubts that your article will be accepted by the first editor to whom you send it. He has been waiting for you to arrive for a long time. If you should get it back, don't permit any unpleasant doubts as to its perfection to find a resting-place in your mind. Its return should be attributed to some mistake in the office to which you sent it, or at worst to a deplorable lack of literary taste on the part of the editor. Don't re-read the manuscript in the hope of finding something that might be changed to make it more suitable from a commercial or other standpoint; but try another magazine or newspaper at once. The postal rates are so absurdly low that you can better afford to send the bundle back and forth a dozen times than waste valuable time in making changes in a masterpiece. If you should not be able to sell your work after a reasonable number of trials—say forty—don't change your literary style. Merely reduce the number of your acquaintances as much as possible, permit your hair to grow to a distinguished length, smoke a churchwarden pipe, assume an abstracted manner, and you will be able to congratulate yourself that you have established your claim to genius. Genius is, after all, but a matter of difference. Finally—if you would at some future time make a living by writing, don't follow any of my advice with the exception of this paragraph. J. A. J.

Examples and Warnings.

"MY young friends," said the up-to-date clergyman, whose long suit was pointing morals and adorning tales for the youthful members of his congregation, "I wish this evening to call your attention to the admirable career of that notable philanthropist and captain of industry, Mr. John Slob. As many of you are doubtless aware, he began life as a day laborer on a backwoods farm, and by habits of thrift and industry won his present position where he is able to build churches and head the list of contributors to the foreign missions. He won his way in the world by scrupulous honesty, and invariably did unto others as he would have others do unto him. Since earliest manhood he has been a constant church member and worker in the vineyard, and of all our wealthy men he is the one most competent to give an account of his stewardship. In his life, my dear young friends, there are lessons of hope and courage for you all. It matters not how poor you may be, by following his pious example you may become shining lights and win true success." Several months later the business methods of Mr. Slob landed him in the courts, and the consequent exposures brought down the financial edifice he had erected, like a house of cards. Thousands were involved in ruin, and he was proved to be a hypocrite and double-dealer of the worst kind. Then the up-to-date preacher held forth again. "My dear young friends: It behooves you all to be warned by the infamous career of John Slob, whose well-deserved failure has brought disgrace on his country. With smooth hypocrisy he won the confidence of honest men and covered his unscrupulous trickery with a cloak of piety. But he now has his reward in the scorn of all true men. From the disgraceful story of his life, my dear young friends, you will see what an evil thing it is to make haste to be rich. Better by far is honest poverty than ill-gotten wealth, and you should learn from this to be satisfied with the little you have." From this it will be seen that a really sporty moralist catches good things both coming and going, and that everything is grist to the mill of the up-to-date preacher.—The "Iconoclast."

Mrs. Bixby—What do you think of my bathing-dress? Bixby—It's an improvement on your other one; this one is visible to the naked eye.

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SOCIETY

Invitations have been issued by Mr. Edgar Jarvis of Glen road, Rosedale, to the marriage of their daughter, Eva Mary, to Mr. Wallace Lassalle Helliwell, on Saturday, September 3, in St. Simon's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. MacKinnon of Ottawa and Miss Sampson of Toronto have sailed for England.

The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, who is making a tour through Canada and the States, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hepton on their island in Lake Joseph for ten days.

The prorogation of Parliament last week was an imposing ceremony, in spite of the absence of many who are usually seen at state functions. The last address of Lord Minto made the occasion unusually interesting, and the regret expressed by the members of Senate and Commons seemed to be shared by His Excellency. There were many pretty gowns, and among the most attractive was that worn by Lady Minto, of pale blue crepe de Chine, the skirt very full and the trimming narrow bands of cream lace. A blue picture hat with blue tulle ties and plumes, with parasol of blue chiffon, completed a costume of characteristic daintiness. Lady Ellen Elliot wore a gown of cream tulle of the early Victorian style, with cream fichu and large hat of cream tulle trimmed with roses. Lady Laurier wore a rich gown of heliotrope silk trimmed lavishly with lace, and her hat of heliotrope and cream was a dainty finish to a becoming costume. Madame Belcourt wore a pretty summery gown of white tulle, with pink and blue touches of American Beauty roses. Miss Kathleen Haycock wore a pretty dress of white silk trimmed with lace, and a white picture hat with wreath of pink roses. Miss Lola Powell's costume of pale blue and white silk, with cream lace yoke and blue girdle, was eminently becoming and contrasted prettily with a hat of pale pink tulle, trimmed with roses. Miss Lillian Dainty wore pink crepe de Chine over pink tulle, with large cream hat trimmed with pink roses. Miss McLeod Clark wore a gown of mauve velveteen with deep silk girdle and white and mauve hat. After the ceremony of prorogation the vice-regal party and staff of officers attended a reception in the rooms of the Speaker of the Senate, where, in the absence of Mrs. Power, Lady Laurier acted as hostess. In the rooms of the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Speaker and Madame Belcourt also held a largely attended reception. Madame Belcourt was assisted in receiving by her sisters, Misses Katherine and Oswald Haycock.

Miss Alice Gormally and Mr. Andrew Gormally have been the guests for a week of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. McIntyre, of Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Miss M. L. Sanderson of Sherbourne street has just returned from her pleasant holiday among the Thousand Islands.

Miss Muriel Cronyn of Brunswick avenue is the guest of Mrs. Fred Nicholls at Shanty Bay, Lake Simcoe.

The engagement is announced in Winnipeg of Miss Olive Mae Duncan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duncan, to Mr. T. F. Jackson of the Imperial Bank, Winnipeg.

Mrs. Trotter of 125 Denison avenue has returned after a two months' visit to San Francisco, Victoria, B. C., and the North-West.

Mr. C. T. Ross, Mr. J. H. Donald and Mr. C. H. Hunt have gone to St. Louis.

Miss Georgie Tait of Sarnia is visiting her aunt in Jarvis street.

Visitors to the Industrial Exhibition will be glad to hear that they will find a comfortable and well-equipped tea-room, managed by the Ladies' Work Depository, in the Demonstration Room of the Woman's Building, where light refreshments will be served from 12 to 8 o'clock.

Mr. Dickson Patterson has been visiting Mr. Nanton at Keewatin Beach.

Miss Burnham of Port Hope is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hepton in Muskoka.

Rev. Dr. Langtry and Mrs. Langtry have been spending their holidays in Huntsville, Muskoka.

Among the Toronto guests at Orchard Point Inn, Atherley-near-Orillia, have been Mr. James Ryrie and family, Mr. W. E. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Helen Ryrie, Master Grant Ryrie, Mr. Harry Ryrie, Jr., and Mr. R. H. Fairweather.

The engagement is announced of Miss Madeline Campton, daughter of the late Mr. Richard Campton and Mrs. Campton, Kingston, to Mr. D. J. Dowley.

Mrs. Nicholson-Cutter and her son are in Owen Sound.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Montgomery of Collingwood announce the engagement of their daughter, Wilhelmina, to Mr. Harry S. Kirkland of Collingwood. The marriage will take place on September 7.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. De Spink to the marriage of their daughter, Pearl May, to Mr. William Ogilvie Watson, only son of the late Mr. John Watson, to take place at Carlton Street Church on Wednesday, August 31.

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Willmott, College street, have returned from a trip to the coast.

Mrs. Byron E. Walker and family of St. George street are at their summer home, "Broadacres," De Grassi Point.

Mrs. Gurney has been the guest of Mrs. Knox of Waverley road, Kew Beach.

The twentieth anniversary of the wedding of Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton was celebrated at the summer home, Assiniboine Lodge, on the St. Lawrence, last Saturday. The wedding took place in Grace Church, Winnipeg, August 13, 1884, and the thirtieth day meant more than usual good fortune, since there is no public man in Canada who has had a greater share of political honor and domestic happiness than the Minister of the Interior. The bridemaid at the wedding of twenty years ago, Miss Gussie Burrows, sister of the bride, became

the wife of Sheriff Bettes of Bracebridge, who has lately moved to Winnipeg. The officiating clergyman was Rev. E. A. Stafford, who was afterwards well known in Toronto. Owing to the threatening storm, Mr. and Mrs. Sifton received their guests on the broad verandah of their summer home, where refreshments were also served. Guests were present from Brandon, Winnipeg, Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Gananoque and Brockville, and messages of congratulation were received from Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and from friends in Brandon.

Many friends have good wishes for Mr. Wilfred Shore of 54 Prince Arthur avenue, who leaves this week for New York City, where he will reside in future. Mrs. Shore will be in Toronto for several weeks in pension at "Iver Holme," St. George street.

A correspondent writes: "The summer residents of Niagara presented prizes for the aquatic sports, which took place at the Queen's Royal on Tuesday afternoon, August 9. Perhaps no entertainment is quite so interesting to the general participant in the 'good old summer-time' games as one in which fetes on the water predominate. The management was under the supervision of Mr. Gordon Magee, Mr. J. Peyton Clark and Mr. Robert McClain. Mr. Clark was starter, and in his usual punctilious style brought the events off strictly to the minute. There was just sufficient time on to make the pastime quite exciting. Several mishaps in the form of canoe upset and young enthusiasts jumping overboard created nervousness on the part of the anxious matrons watching from the shore. The quarter-mile boat race was won by Mr. E. Sherlock and Mr. W. Barclay. Mr. D. Rumsey was successful in the bar-and-bolster event. In the greasy pole contest, Mr. C. Bail, Mr. A. Bishop and Mr. D. Rumsey were the winners, and in the children's five R. Dixon was first, while Messrs. D. Rumsey and H. Ridout won at titling. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. and Mrs. McClain, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Clark, Mrs. Pilon, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Snydam, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. Glasco, Dr. and Mrs. Warren, the Misses Warren, Mrs. E. Evelyn Hostetter, Miss Ferris, Miss Labatt, Miss Biddome, Miss McClain, Miss West, Miss Sarah Lansing, the Misses Wetter, Mr. Rumsey, Mr. Wheaton, Mr. L. M. Boomer, Mr. Clark, Mr. Ashton Goldham, Mr. Gordon Magee. The prizes were beautiful and very appropriate to the occasion. One of the most enjoyable events of the season was the golf handicap on Tuesday morning. Attractive prizes were presented by Mr. and Mrs. Robert McClain, and the arrangement of the handicapping was unique for its almost perfect form. The links were splendid and the golfers a spirited contest was the outcome. Mr. Ashton Goldham of Toledo was the first gentleman winner, Major Neiles was second, Mrs. Fleischmann won the first prize for ladies and Mrs. Fred Cox came second. Afternoon tea was served at the club-house by Mrs. McClain. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Snydam, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. E. Evelyn Hostetter, Major and Mrs. Neiles, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Watts Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Reid and Mr. Gordon Magee."

There are dozens of buildings that we could have spared more easily than the Island club-house of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. "It's like Byron's poem about Waterloo," said one disconsolate guest, as the flames of last Monday night made swift destruction of the scene of so many festivities. Never were Toronto dancers obliged to hustle more unceremoniously from a waltz than the dancers of what proved the very last extra in the old club-house. "Old" is used advisedly, for we are not promised an imposing new structure for next season, with every comfort that the heart of clubman may desire? But some of us think unwillingly of a new abode for the R.C.Y.C. The ruins are a desolate scene indeed, haunted only by the ghosts of good dinners and lively "dextemps." However, it might easily have been a tragedy, and everyone is glad that the plucky little woman saved her boy that no one is much the worse for the adventure.

The death of Lady Joly de Lotbiniere in Victoria last Monday removes one whose sweet influence was felt not only in the home circle and in the society which she adorned, but wherever there was need for womanly sympathy. In every high position which her distinguished husband has filled his wife has been a ready and helpful companion. She took a great interest in the formation of the National Council of Women and in women's literary clubs in Quebec and Victoria, and, in spite of failing health, made Government House in British Columbia a place of social attraction for young and old.

There was a very pretty "goldenrod" wedding last Tuesday at "Rosedawn," Barrie, the residence of Mr. R. E. Fletcher, when his daughter Florence Ethel was married to Mr. Samuel G. Beckett of Toronto. The verandahs and drawing-room were profusely decorated with the bright August flowers, goldenrod and goldfinch, which made a brilliant background for the white gowns of the bride and her girl friends. Canon Reiner of Trinity Church was the officiating clergyman. The bride wore a pretty costume of white silk eolienne over taffeta, with yoke of embroidered chiffon and lace bertha, ornamented with a pearl necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. The maid of honor, Miss Marion Ronald of Toronto, wore a gown of white silk organdie over taffeta, and the bridesmaids—Misses Olive and Maude Fletcher, sisters of the bride—wore white Swiss muslin. Mr. Sanford Smith of Toronto acted as best man, and Mr. and Mrs. Beckett left for a trip down the St. Lawrence, and will visit Saratoga and New York before returning to Toronto, where they will reside in Brunswick avenue. The bride's travelling costume was a grey tulle with blouse of white silk and green chiffon hat.

The engagement is announced of Miss Elsie Norrell, eldest daughter of the Archdeacon of Ontario, to Mr. Charles Stafford Kirkpatrick, second son of the late Rev. F. W. Kirkpatrick and nephew of the late Sir George A. Kirkpatrick.

During the last hot spell there was a great demand for electric fans, and the local Electric Light Company did a rushing business in this line, selling as many as twenty-five in a single day.

There is every probability of further hot weather, and it would be well to be provided beforehand. The most practical styles of fans are shown at the up-town showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company (Limited), at No. 12 Adelaide street east.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt

There is no room left for doubt as to the usefulness of Malt Extract in weakness and nervous diseases, provided you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt. Your Doctor will tell you O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is the best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from. If you need Malt Extract and want the best, insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

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Low-Rate Fifteen-Day Excursions via Pennsylvania Railroad.

On August 15 and 25 the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will run special excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, and Ocean City, N.J., at rate of \$10.00 from Lewistown, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and Lockport.

Tickets will be good going on regular trains leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m., carrying through Pullman parlor cars to Atlantic City, and 8.50 p.m., carrying through sleeping cars to Philadelphia. Returning, tickets will be good on all regular trains, except limited express trains, leaving the seashore and Philadelphia within fifteen days.

Train leaving Buffalo at 9.00 a.m. will be run through to Atlantic City. Atlantic City passengers may use trains leaving Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, via Delaware River, Bridge Route, avoiding transfer. Passengers for other seashore points named will use trains leaving Market street wharf, Philadelphia. Tickets will be good from Philadelphia to the seashore on days following dates of excursions.

A stop-over of ten days will be allowed at Philadelphia on going trip if passengers deposit their tickets with the ticket agent at Broad Street Station immediately on arrival. Stop-over within limit is also allowed on return trip.

For tickets and further information apply to ticket agents of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or B. P. Fraser, passenger agent, Buffalo district, Pennsylvania Railroad, 307 Main street, Ellicott square, Buffalo.

Medical Convention.

Delegates to the Medical Convention at Vancouver can return through San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and the World's Fair, St. Louis, by purchasing tickets sold to San Francisco, account Knights Templar meeting.

Tickets on sale from August 15 to September 3, good for return until October 31, with stop-over privileges in each direction. This is an open rate to the public, as tickets are not sold on the certificate plan. The rate will be as from Toronto. Corresponding low rates from other points. Tickets can be purchased going via Vancouver, returning through above cities, or vice versa.

By writing H. F. Carcor, traveling passenger agent, Union Pacific Railroad, 14 James building, Toronto, Ont., he will give you full information.

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Latest Novelties in all Branches of a First-Class Jewelry Shop without the Heavy Expenses
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It will be a pleasure to have you sample our stock, manufactured by Henry K. Wampole & Co., Philadelphia.
Qualified Druggists always in charge of our dispensing department.
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Cor. Church and Carlton Streets.
Agency—"F. & D." Stomach Tablets.

Orange Meat
Ask Your Grocer

The Corset Specialty Co.
112 Yonge St. Toronto.
1st Floor over Singer Office.
Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable boning. Hose supporters attached.
Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and retinting of any make of corsets readily done.
Reliable agents wanted.

Pember's Parted Pompadours
Pronounced Positively Perfect
An ultra-stylish effect for fastidious women. Upon exhibition at and by mail from

The Pember Store

127-129 Yonge Street

Invisible Rouge
Jahn & Son's
preserves the skin from discoloration, imparts freshness to the cheeks and never fades. It is washed off only with soap and water and contains no injurious ingredients. It can also be used for the lips and nails. Price 50c. a bottle post paid.
JAHN & SON 73 & 75 King Street West—Toronto



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We answer all enquiries regarding Ladies' Fine Quality Hair Goods
Catalogue sent Free.

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City Dairy Milk
KEEPS SWEET UNTIL USED—IT'S PASTEURIZED
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CITY DAIRY
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For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corsets, business, growing nails, and all foot troubles successfully treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1884.
166 King St. West (Opposite Princess Theatre)

THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks, Captain.

By Gordon Rogers

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SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I-X.

Harold Brooks and Jimmy Carey are on their way to the racing meet of the American Canoe Association, when the latter finds a locket containing a woman's miniature. Near the village of Rome, Carey rescues a girl who is clinging to a log. The man with her is an Englishman of unpleasant type, who is again upset from Jimmy's canoe, while the girl, Bessie Moore, and Jimmy enjoy his discomfort.

Against Brooks' wishes they stay the night in Rome. During the evening Brooks puts his foot in it by making reference to the locket, the result being a quarrel between Potts and Jimmy. The next morning early, while bathing, Potts is found searching Jimmy's pockets, and who, after knocking Brooks down, takes to his heels, with Jimmy in hot pursuit.

Jimmy fails to catch him, however, but recovers the locket, which Potts has stolen from his pocket. Miss Moore and her mother treat Jimmy and Brooks with great coldness, so Jimmy asks Miss Moore for an explanation. She explains that Jimmy's story of having found the locket is not satisfactory, and also that they had heard of his behavior in a garden the night before, flirting with Miss Jen Green, who is supposed to be the fiancée of Potts. Jimmy, however, says good-bye. They start off in their canoes and Brooks, who is behind, discovers a man pursuing them. Jimmy is evidently the prey.

Suddenly Brooks hears the danger signal, the Morse "D," and as he paddles furiously around a bend in the river he comes to the Blood Rock, the legend of which they had heard the night before.

The man is Potts, and he is on his way to smash Jimmy's canoe. Luckily Jimmy sees him and gets on to the rock and there is a fight, in which Potts gets a severe thrashing. Brooks takes several snapshots of the conflict, and finally he and Jimmy paddle away, leaving Potts on Blood Rock.

Brooks goes scouting, and is returning when he again hears the danger signal.

CHAPTER XI.
Up the Creek.

"What is it?" I gasped, as I arrived half-blown. "What's the danger this time? What's up?"

Jimmy grinned like a four-ounce sausage split for a hot pan. His mouth was full. "You're easy," he managed to articulate, as he swallowed mirth and mastication at a gulp. "But I thought that D would bring you. I'd been giving you the dinner call without any response. And now it's your own fault if there isn't anything left."

He had been able to get only half a dozen eggs, he said, and of course, having a preference for eggs when he could pick 'em up in the country strictly fresh-laid, he had naturally got away with them. There was nothing but the label that the dinner call without any response. And now it's your own fault if there isn't anything left."

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He wasn't a bad sort, Jimmy wasn't, if only you weren't too famished and had the constitution and patience to see his humor out.

"What were you rubbering at up there, anyway?" he said, his back against a pine, as he lazily produced a cigar and eyed it dubiously, for it was a Roman House weed. It made me think of Joe Plante's cigar in the boat, as I sketched Jimmy what I had seen and heard from the bluff.

"So I'm to believe I've got a double in the neighborhood, that he's the new pursuer of the 'Fairy Queen,' and is to be in Rome this afternoon to catch his boat," Jimmy said, telling off my de-

tails on his fingers' ends. "Well, the guests of the Roman House should see for themselves that Mr. Carey was not at the garden party. It ought to be interesting when Miss Green turns up. If this pursuer chap is as much like me as Giggles and those people at the Roman House would have had us believe he looked last night, there'll be some goggle eyes in Rome. I don't suppose Potts, with the swell pair of eyes he has by now, will show himself. If he does, and sees that pursuer, he'll think he contracted brain fever on Blood Rock. I shrewdly suspect, though, added Jimmy, having lighted his dubious cigar, "that the combined light of the moon and Chinese lanterns is one thing, and daylight quite another, and that the dashing and flirtatious pursuer won't turn out this afternoon to be an absolute double of James Carey."

"According to Joe Plante's description of the pink-and-white beauty flirting in Red Horse Lake, we may reasonably conclude that she is the original of the girl in the locket. I suppose we may have a look-in at the original if we keep our eyes peeled as we go through Red Horse," I said.

"You can do all the peeling!" said Jimmy, with some acidity, as he hung a glass on one of the pines preparatory to executing a leisurely shave. The blessed miniature has caused me trouble enough. But I say," he added, with a note of triumph, stropping his razor, "didn't I read her character correctly, according to Joe Plante?" I said "I would call her Helen Blazes offhand, didn't I?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Moore said she had a 'beautiful bold face,'" I remarked reminiscently, and Jimmy said no more.

We cleaned up and put our canoes in shape for a start, and then lay around, feeling lazy as a pair of lazaroni, for the day had grown hotter and the water was still and the sky of a Neapolitan blue. Jimmy said we—or rather, he—might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb now, since we couldn't begin to hope to conform to Rule Ten of the Racing Association, and that he would simply have to depend on the breadth of view of the Regatta Committee to be able to race for the Cup, and anyway, he wasn't very particular about it. So I knew that Bessie Moore had just about done her little worstest so far as Jimmy's aquatic ambition was concerned. We had a swim in the altogether, wading the echoes clear across to Blood Rock with our delectable war-whoops as we raced up and down the beach in the sun and shade, and pelted each other with pine cones. For it was good just being alive and to get in a quiet harbor and tell yourself that the veneer of your civilization wasn't much more than a plus that on a cannibal, after all, so far as the primitive war-whoops were concerned. Then, being refreshed and rested, as Jimmy said, after the Blood Rock episode, we stretched out under the pines for a smoke, breathing huge sighs of wordless satisfaction, too, and having a breath of brown from the forest.

"Old Morpheus enveloped my faculties fast," as the bard of Newstead remarked, and the great god Nick O'Teen had a very short session of workship at my place. I didn't even mind Jimmy's gentle bombardment of my resistless form with two-inch pine cones, and it wasn't long before Nature's sweet restorer tip-toed along down the sun-flecked aisle of business with her needles all ready for business and knit up Jimmy's "travelling sleeve" of care. And when she signalled to me to climb into the dope chair, she didn't need to say "Next!" for I was there and over the line ahead of the gun, and all the Hyde-like doubting Sandy Hook couldn't have fetched me back up against the lotus-lilted tide of sleep I went drifting down, with Jimmy's deep and regular breathing calling me, as it were, to follow him.

When I awoke, it was with a start. The rain was on my face. All the bright light seemed to have gone out of the world, and dusk and the "first drops of a thunder-shower," to quote his lordship again, were falling now. The air was very heavy and still, as if the storm that had distantly impinged in the early afternoon were now close at hand; and all animal life, save perhaps that of the tree-toad, was hushed as if in expectation and dread. A red squirrel ran noiselessly before me through the pines and entered his hole, without uttering a sound. It seemed to me as if Mother Earth and I had been invigilated into Miss Anae-thea Dope's parlors and I had come out of the trance first.

My rolling eye wheeled over to the spot where Jimmy had been playing a

lone hand at the pine cone game, and then traveled quicker than thought to the beach. I was on my feet then with a bound, for Jimmy and Jimmy's canoe had gone!

I ran to the beach and glimpsed the creek either way, but there wasn't a sign of sound of Jimmy, or life of any kind, excepting my amphibian friend the tree-toad, who never let up holding out the glad hand of his chirpy welcome to the rain. The face of the creek was glassy and gray, flecked intermittently by heavy heralding drops of what the tree-toad was calling for. Then came the first breath of the storm, a faint, cool, premonitory passing breeze, that wrinkled for a moment the sullen face of the creek, and turned the white pages of the silver maples along the shore as if to write thereon with ghostly hand the fate of those that were foredoomed.

I got my marine glass and hurried to the head of the bluff. The storm was coming up indeed, it seemed lazily, like a giant sure of his prey, from the south, where the wind was blowing. I tried to show where the westerling sun was dropping low, but southward there were intermittent and ominous flashes from the giant's eye, and sullen mutterings from his gutture, throat, of gathering wrath. The sky was still unclouded along the east, where already "one naked star" had waded through the purple shallows of the night. But here, on the bluff, the breeze was stirring the strong grasses to sibilant complaint, while all the visible landscape of the west and south was shuddering into life.

A light glimmered in the window of a cottage across the lake, and midway between the bluff and shore, and were two rapidly moving shapes. I was down in the grass on the bluff's uttermost edge in a moment, and in the next the two objects swam into the circumference of the lens, and loomed big before me, their outlines faintly nebulous but definite to my eye. They were Cholmondeley Potts and Jimmy Carey.

CHAPTER XII.
A Race in the Storm.

Jimmy and Potts, with the latter in the lead, were racing toward the farther shore.

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mor, he played the game of cat and mouse. I fought my way stubbornly into the track of the gale, and then it was helm a-lee and away to the open sea, if I didn't want to spend a protracted holiday in the locker of D. Jones. So it was helm a-lee all right, as I didn't fancy I would care for the clerk at nine dollars a week! Marie—that's just the trouble. You may lose your job at any time.

I was driving along fairly well in a right enough direction now—that is, the direction of a square meal and a good bed at Athens, for there would be no desire to pitch tent. I had nothing but the thunder and the lightning, now at highest play, and the wind and the rain, and the voices of all Davy's spirits let loose, and "the idle thoughts of an idle fellow," for company, because I had no other way to pass the time, pointing pat with the wind, and if that would only sweep me clear of the rock-bound islands on my right I felt I might get into the Athens River and down to the village in time to order something nice and hot and have it good and ready just as Jimmy would be putting in, although he was now doubtless making head between the islands to starboard and a lee shore, with perhaps the same philanthropic idea in mind, if he wasn't worrying over my fate in the lap of the storm.

It was a relief to me to feel that he had not, apparently, come to any harm through Potts's gun, and I had leisure now to ponder what would have prompted Potts to put his head into the noose again, after the Blood Rock affair. But if I couldn't fathom such foolhardiness, except with a line of thought that had a desperate sting of iron at the end of it, I could feel perfectly satisfied that Potts had rubbed Jimmy's hair pretty roughly the wrong way, making him put up such hot pursuit across the lake without an awakening word of warning to me. Something had been doing while I slept.

At every glare of the lightning—and the glares were swiftly recurrent—while the thunder boomed and banged and rolled unintermittently, I had a one flash light prospect of the storm-beaten lake, whipped into foam, and wild as the "unsympathizing sea," even to the farthest shore, which sprang into being for a moment, and faded and came again, at every successive appearance its detail of wood and meadow still more clear, until at last I saw the gleam of a spire of a church in Dozeville.

I had glimpses presently to my right of whitecapped channels and rocky banks, with here and there a bit of beach foam-white, and vistas of swags of great trees bending and thrashing about, as if in torturing pain. And I knew then just where I was: getting among the islands near to the mouth of the Athenian stream.

And suddenly, following a supremely lurid glare, and ere the thunder broke and roared, came a shrill sound that made me start and sit up in bed. It was the shrill call of our danger signal, D!

I scanned the rough water eagerly when the next revealing flash came, but it revealed nothing save a waste of storm-racked lake and shore. Then came the call once more, the D that would not do. I plunged my arms through the rain, and plunged my blades with perfunctory vigor, working toward the nearest island channel, away from the course of the wind, while the waves came churning over my after deck, as if hungry to devour, and tossed the canoe about like the proverbial chip.

Somewhere among the islands Jimmy must have come to grief. It could not be through a fresh encounter with Potts, for Potts had thrown his weapon away. And Jimmy would not be playing an "after dinner" joke with the danger signal at such a time as this. It was not likely he had upset through getting awash, even if in his channel the lake were high, for Jimmy was too expert a navigator for that; and I felt that even if upset through getting awash, with his strong swimming at command nothing short of a Niagara whirlpool could turn Jimmy down.

I could only conclude that if he had not been wounded, that Potts's pistol at the head of the lake, and were now in distress, he must have run in the dark upon a rock and smashed his boat.

So in anxiety I got into the channel safely after dark, and fighting wind and wave, and there the water, though choppy, was smooth when compared with the open lake. I pushed zealously on, lamenting for the second time that I had not my whistle to Giggles, and feeling my opaque way, for the glint of the elements in his seven-leagued boots was leaving the lake behind him, with now and then a parting flash of falling ire; and it was one of these that revealed to me a storm-beaten mariner sheltering under the heavy

Just One Day

Free From the Slingshot Brought out a Fact.

"During the time I was a coffee drinker," says an Iowa woman, "I was nervous, had spells with my heart, smothering spells, headache, stomach trouble, liver and kidney trouble. I did not know for years what made me have those spells. I would frequently sink away as though my last hour had come."

"For 27 years I suffered thus and used bottles of medicine enough to set up a drug-store—capsules and pills and everything I heard of. Spent lots of money, but I was sick every all the time. Sometimes I was so nervous I could not hold a plate in my hands; and other times I thought I would surely die sitting at the table."

"This went on until about two years ago, when one day I did not use any coffee, and I noticed I was not so nervous, and told my husband about it. He had been telling me that it might be the coffee, but I said, 'No, I have been drinking coffee all my life, and it cannot be.' But after this I thought I would try and do without it and drink hot water. I did this for several days, but got tired of the hot water and went to drinking coffee, and as soon as I began coffee again I was nervous again. But now, as I have stopped the coffee that caused my troubles."

"We had tried Postum but had not made it right and did not like it, but now I decided to give it another trial, so I read the directions on the package carefully and made it after these directions, and it was simply delicious, so we quit coffee for good, and the results are wonderful. Before, I could not sleep, but now I go to bed and sleep sound, am not a bit nervous now, but work hard and can walk miles. Nervous headaches are gone, my heart does not bother me any more like it did, and I don't have any of the smothering spells, and would you believe it? I am getting fat. We drink Postum now and nothing else, and even my husband's headaches have disappeared; we both sleep sound and healthy now, and that's a blessing." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.

foliage of a giant basswood in a little island bay.

It was no other than Tommy Giggles himself.

(To be continued.)

Cyril—You may spurn me, cruel one, but remember, I shall not always be a clerk at nine dollars a week! Marie—that's just the trouble. You may lose your job at any time.

Mrs. Hay—Hiram writes from college that he is learnin' French. Mr. Hay—By heck, a college education is some use after all. If he ever gets a job as waiter he can write the menu cards.

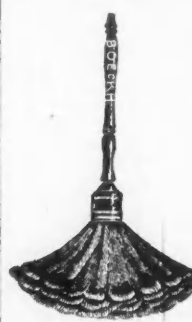
"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Swellman, "the baby has just eaten a lot of that dog-biscuit." "Never mind," replied Mrs. Swellman, "it just serves Fido right, for he has often eaten the baby's food."

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Made up into Semi-ready suits to the try on stage.

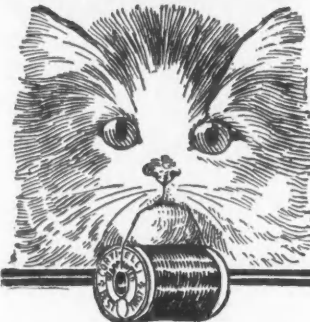
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Semi-ready Tailoring

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The Tale of a Book.

EXHIBIT I.
HER MOTHER—You have always been so interested in Helen, Mrs. Brown, that I'm going to tell you something; but you mustn't breathe it to anyone else. She is writing a novel!

EXHIBIT II.
Mrs. Brown's Daughter—What do you think, girls? Helen Muse is writing a novel!

EXHIBIT III.
Local Paper—It is reported on good authority that one of Clifton's talented young ladies is engaged on a novel. More anon.

EXHIBIT IV.
Her Mother—Yes, but it's a secret. We can't understand how it got into the paper. Helen is quite put out. You come up some time, and maybe I'll let you see part of it.

EXHIBIT V.
Local Paper—Miss Muse's novel on which she has been working for the past six months, is receiving its final touches, we understand. Those who have been permitted a glimpse at the manuscript predict for the book great success.

EXHIBIT VI.
New York, September 2, 1901.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are obliged for your kind favor asking whether we would be disposed to consider, with a view to publication, a novel manuscript by you entitled "Heart for Heart."

We shall be pleased to receive your manuscript and give it our best consideration.

Thanking you for the offer, we beg to remain,

Very truly yours,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT VII.
Express Receipt—
Clifton, Mo., September 4, 1901.

Received of Helen Muse, package said to contain MS. Value asked and was given as fifty dollars. Marked Bigge Publishing Co., New York.

Endorsed, "Paid, 50c."

EXHIBIT VIII.
Local Paper—Miss Muse has received several flattering letters from large Eastern publishing houses, asking that they be given a chance at her novel, "Heart for Heart."

EXHIBIT IX.
New York, September 7, 1901.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We beg to acknowledge receipt of book manuscript entitled "Heart for Heart." It has been handed to our readers, and a report will be sent you as early as possible.

Thanking you for the favor, we are,

Yours very truly,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT X.
Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse and mother are planning to spend the coming winter abroad.

EXHIBIT XI.
New York, September 12, 1901.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are returning herewith by express the book manuscript, "Heart for Heart," which you were kind enough to let us see. We regret that it does not strike us as available for our special needs.

We wish to thank you, however, for your courtesy in remembering us.

Respectfully yours,
BIGGE PUBLISHING CO.

EXHIBIT XII.
Express Notice—Call and get package. Charges 50c.

EXHIBIT XIII.
Her Mother—No; Helen has not decided what publisher is to have her novel.

EXHIBITS XIV-XCVIII INCLUSIVE
Namely—In groups of five, identical with Exhibits VII, IX, XI, save as to the publishing houses, which vary, and Exhibits XII, XIII, XIV.

EXHIBIT XCIX.
Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse and mother, who have been planning to go abroad this spring, may remain at home instead, necessitated by the claims of Miss Muse's book, now undergoing publication. It will be remembered that the trip was originally set for the winter, but had to be postponed.

EXHIBIT C.
New York, April 19, 1902.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: In reply to your inquiry of the 17th, we would say that our terms for the consideration and possible sale of a novel of not over 80,000 words are an advance fee of ten dollars, and a commission of ten per cent. on the proceeds from a sale. We shall be pleased to receive your manuscript.

Respectfully,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CI.
Express Receipt—Date, April 21, 1902.
Manuscript sent to Agency for Writers, New York City. Paid, 50 cents.

EXHIBIT CII.
New York, April 23, 1902.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are in receipt of your favor of April 21, enclosing advance fee of ten dollars on your book manuscript, "Heart for Heart." The manuscript will be given our best attention, and we trust that we shall be able to place it for you successfully.

Thanking you for engaging our services, we are,

Yours truly,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CIII.
Her Mother—No; we are not going abroad this summer. Helen's book is occupying her attention, and she does not like to leave. The publishing business is so vexatious.

EXHIBIT CIV.
Mrs. Brown's Daughter—I tell you what! I bet you Helen Muse isn't having such an easy time as she thought she would, with that book of hers. The idea, after all the talk!

EXHIBIT CV.
New York, July 30, 1902.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: In reply to your query of the 23rd, we regret to say that we have not succeeded in placing your book. We hope to do so yet. We are submitting it to publishers right along, and when we have anything definite to report we will communicate with you at once.

Yours truly,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CVI.
Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse has accepted a position as stenographer

with Doitt, Toem & Brace, attorneys.

EXHIBIT CVII.
New York, November 11, 1902.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: The Spec & Push publishing house of this city offers to publish your novel, "Heart for Heart," and allow you a royalty of ten per cent.

This is a reliable and energetic house, and has put out a number of successful volumes of fiction. We would advise you to accept the offer, especially since your novel has been declined by so long a list.

Let us know what you think.

Truly yours,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CVIII.
New York, November 15, 1902.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We have your letter of the 13th, in which you authorize us to accept the offer made by Spec & Push of this city, for the publication of your novel, "Heart for Heart." We are assured by Mr. Spec that the volume will receive a worthy presentation. The book will appear early in the spring. We are sending you a contract for your signature, also a Spec & Push catalogue.

Congratulating you, we remain,

Faithfully yours,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CIX.
Her Mother—Helen's publishers are Spec & Push, that big New York house, you know.

EXHIBIT CX.
Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse has resigned her position with Doitt, Toem & Brace, in order to devote her time to "Heart for Heart," is to appear early in the spring, from the press of Spec & Push, the well-known New York publishing house.

EXHIBIT CXI.
Literary note, in sundry metropolitan papers—Spec & Push announce in their list of spring fiction a novel by Miss Helen Muse, a young Western writer of promise.

EXHIBIT CXII.
Toodle Building, New York City.
December 27, 1902.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: May we not supply you with clippings regarding your forthcoming book, or upon any other subject in which you are interested? Our service is very complete, and we are confident that we can give you satisfaction. Our terms for one hundred clippings in a space of a year, are \$5, payable in advance. We enclose a circular, illustrative of our work.

Hoping to hear from you, we are,

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXIII.
Her Mother—Yes, Helen is getting quite famous. If you only could see the letters she is receiving about her book.

EXHIBIT CXIV.
Local Paper—Miss Helen Muse, Clifton's talented young author, and her mother are going abroad for an extensive trip, after the appearance of the daughter's novel. While traveling, Miss Muse will gather material for her other book. Clifton rejoices in her evident success in her chosen field of literature.

EXHIBIT CXV.
Lively Lane, New York City.
February 3, 1903.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are sending you herewith first edition proof of "Heart for Heart." Kindly return corrected proof at your earliest convenience. We shall forward more within a few days.

Very truly yours,
SPEC & PUSH.

EXHIBIT CXVI.
Her Mother—Helen is not going out much now. She is busy correcting proof, you know. Her publishers are in a great hurry; they want to get the book on the market. When are we going to Europe? Probably in September. Yes, it's very nice to be able to do so. When are her royalties paid? You ask. Oh, in February and August. That is the rule, I believe.

EXHIBIT CXVII.
Local Paper—The "Palladium" received by mail this morning from New York publishing house of Spec & Push a copy of "Heart for Heart," the novel by Miss Helen Muse of this city. Clifton, as well as the world at large, will no doubt give the book the welcome that it deserves. (Fulsome review follows.) The "Palladium" will present a picture of Miss Muse in its next issue.

EXHIBIT CXVIII.
Toodle Building, New York City.
March 28, 1903.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: Your order, with draft for five dollars enclosed for one hundred clippings relative to your novel, "Heart for Heart," to be sent to you within one year, received. We will forward the clippings as fast as we come across them.

Thanking you for your patronage, we remain,

Very truly yours,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXIX.
Very truly yours,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXX.
Lively Lane, New York City.
May 12, 1903.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of your favor enclosing post-office order for \$5, to cover another one hundred clippings concerning you and your book, "Heart for Heart."

We take pleasure in continuing our service.

Yours truly,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXXI.
Lively Lane, New York City.
May 13, 1903.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: In reply to your communication of May 10, we would say that we are not prepared to report on how "Heart for Heart" is selling to the trade. A report will be made in due time. We beg, however, to enclose the statement which you will find herewith, and suggest that the little account be cleared up, as is customary in dealing with our clients.

Very respectfully,
SPEC & PUSH.

EXHIBIT CXXII.
SPEECH & PUSH, PUBLISHERS.
Lively Lane, New York City.
Sold to Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

This bill is NET 30 DAYS unless agreed to the contrary.

1903 April—50 "Heart for Heart," 2-5 off, \$30 5

Postage 5

Sent to names as per list enclosed in yours of April 2.

EXHIBIT CXXIII.
Lively Lane, New York City.
May 16, 1903.
Dear Madam: We beg to acknowledge receipt of your favor of recent date containing draft for \$35, for which accept thanks.

Very respectfully,
SPEC & PUSH.

EXHIBIT CXXIV.
SPEECH & PUSH, PUBLISHERS.
Lively Lane, New York City.
P. S.—Third Edition Now Ready!!!

EXHIBIT CXXV.
Advertisement—
"HEART FOR HEART!"
"HEART FOR HEART!"
"HEART FOR HEART!"

Critics All Praise It.

EXHIBIT CXXVI.
The People's Novel.

EXHIBIT CXXVII.
SPEECH & PUSH, PUBLISHERS.
Lively Lane, New York City.
P. S.—Third Edition Now Ready!!!

EXHIBIT CXXVIII.
Local Paper—A number of Clifton people were delightfully entertained last evening at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Lew Smith. Miss Helen Muse, Clifton's celebrated author, was present, and read selections from her novel, recently published, "Heart for Heart." The reading was prefaced by a little talk by her on practical authorship.

EXHIBIT CXXIX.
Her Mother—We will be glad to start on our travels abroad. Helen needs the change and rest. Poor girl, she is quite worn out with all the duties incident to her book, and the demands of her friends. But I tell her she must reconcile herself henceforth to belonging more or less to the public. The duties of a writer are not to be shirked. By the way, have you seen her new photographs? She just simply had to have some taken. Editors are after them, you know.

EXHIBIT CXXX.
New York, August 20, 1903.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: Your inquiry of the 17th is at hand. We have not received any royalty statement from the Messrs. Spec & Push, as yet, or we should have let you know. Possibly the report is being delayed by reason of vacations among the office force. We will look into the matter.

Very truly,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

EXHIBIT CXXXI.
Her Mother—We expect to leave about September 6. Helen has a few little matters to settle up with her publishers before she feels free to go.

EXHIBIT CXXXII.
New York, September 1, 1903.
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

Dear Madam: We enclose herewith the statement of Messrs. Spec & Push, as August settlement of "Heart for Heart."

We regret that the book does not seem to be doing as well as might have been anticipated. Possibly it may pick up later.

Faithfully yours,
AGENCY FOR WRITERS.

SPEC & PUSH, PUBLISHERS.
Lively Lane, New York City.
August 15, 1903.

Royalty Statement.
"Heart for Heart."
Miss Helen Muse,
Clifton, Mo.

1903. March 30 Published 300

Aug. 15 On hand 116

Editorial, etc. 151

Sold 33

300 300

Royalty on 33 at 10 cts. \$33 00

March 30 By charge, changes from copy in proof,

ward the clippings as fast as we come across them.

Thanking you for your patronage, we remain,

Very truly yours,
PRESS CLIPPING BUREAU.

EXHIBIT CXXIX.
Advertisement—
HAVE YOU READ IT?
Heart for Heart!
Heart for Heart!! Heart for Heart!!!

EXHIBIT CXXX.
Striking New Novel by a Western Writer,
HELEN MUSE
First Edition Sold Before Publication!
\$1.00 Bookstore, or by Post. \$1.00

SPEC & PUSH, New York City.

EXHIBIT CXXXI.
Her Mother—Yes, Helen is certainly getting fine reviews. All the papers speak well of it. I tell her she must write another book, while the iron is hot. Where are we going first? To Paris, I presume; then up the Nile, later in the year.

EXHIBIT CXXXII.
Letters—From numerous relatives and friends, expressing thanks for copies of "Heart for Heart."

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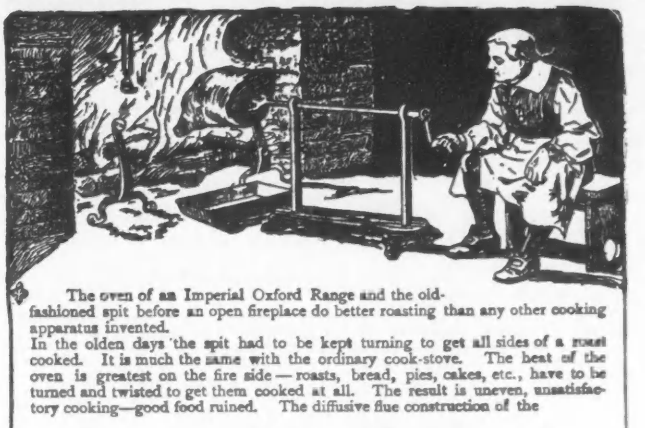
Sold 33

300 300

Royalty on 33 at 10 cts. \$33 00

March 30 By charge, changes from copy in proof,

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.
LABATT'S India Pale Ale
is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.



The oven of an Imperial Oxford Range and the old-fashioned spit before an open fireplace do better roasting than any other cooking apparatus invented. In the olden days the spit had to be kept turning to get all sides of a roast cooked. It is much the same with the ordinary cook-stove. The heat of the oven is greatest on the fire side—roasts, bread, pies, cakes, etc., have to be turned and twisted to get them cooked at all. The result is uneven, unsatisfactory cooking—good food ruined. The diffusive flame construction of the

Imperial Oxford Range
draws fresh air into the flue chamber, super-heats it and diffuses it evenly over the oven, thus heating it quickly, thoroughly and uniformly—back, front and sides are at the same equal temperature. The result is juicy, tender roasts, light, dainty pastry, evenly raised bread—successful cooking. When you buy an Imperial Oxford Range you get the result of over sixty years' thought and experience in scientific construction of cooking apparatus.
The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited
Toronto, Canada
Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver

Perfect Beauty
depends on the skin, and lovely skin is the reward of using
'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE'
No imitation can bear the 'Dartring'. No imitation can be called 'Dartring'.
Demand the genuine
'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in collapsible tubes.
'DARTRING' LANOLINE TOILET SOAP.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE AT ALL SEASONS.
"The Queen of Toilet Preparations."
BEETHAM'S Lanola



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, AUGUST 20, 1904. No. 41



THERE is going to be a very pretty race for the C. L. A. championship, if all signs do not fail. Last Saturday's Chippewa victory was a good deal of a surprise even to the Irish Indians, who hardly expected to defeat Tecumseh. Our esteemed friend Jupe Pluve came to their rescue, and once more showed that the red-jerseyed twelve are far from being mud horses. But there is a silver lining to the Tecumseh cloud. Last Saturday's event showed clearly that the defeat at the hands of the Capitals, under precisely similar weather conditions, was largely due to the sloppy field. The Tecumsehs are certainly a good match for the Capitals on a dry day. And the same is true of the Chips. It must not be forgotten that the enforced inaction of the Capitals, due to the amazing attitude of the gentlemen who run the N. A. L. A., will set the Ottawa men back very seriously. President Foran is in communication with the C. L. A. teams, and a series of matches seems likely to be arranged. The consistent manner in which Mr. Foran has stood to his guns merits the approval of all lovers of honest sport. It may suit some persons in the East to protest that N. A. L. A. lacrosse is amateur, but Mr. Foran has come out flatfooted in favor of avowed professionalism. The public are with him, for the public are not composed of clumps. The public know that for years paid players have chased the bounding rubber, and the public will stand for professional lacrosse in the East just as the Toronto enthusiasts stand for it. The idea that people will not pay to see professionals play the national game is thoroughly moth-eaten. It should be consigned to the rag-bag.

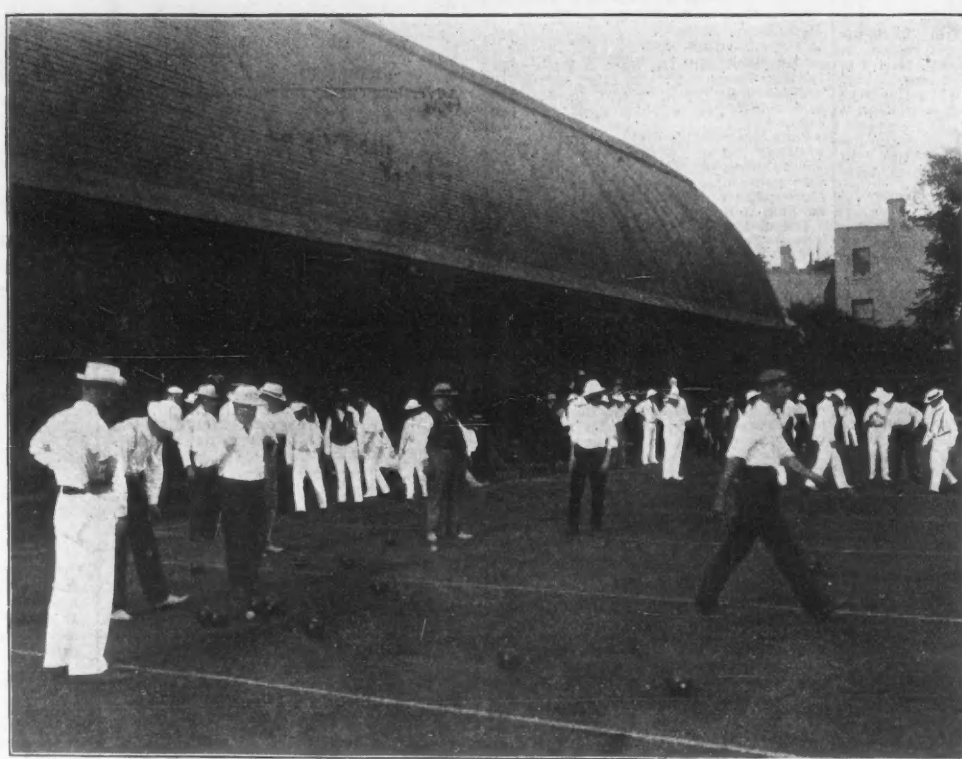
Professional lacrosse will be better than the alleged amateur article. Why? Mainly because the club managers will be able to discipline their players when necessary, just as the ball players are disciplined. Moreover, the players will be anxious to do their best, for good work will bring higher salaries. The greatest difficulty would seem to be in the payment of these salaries. Certainly places of the size of Orangeville or Fergus can never hope to furnish the cheques for salary rolls like those in Brantford and St. Catharines, not to mention Toronto. In this connection I might mention that I had a talk this week with a well-known Hamilton sportsman, who assures me that the Ambitious City will enter senior lacrosse next year. The town is certainly the sportiest place of its size in the land, yet for some years the football club, had to go without anything first-class except the football club. Late years in getting together a successful league. The lacrosse club should do well. Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford and St. Kitts would make an ideally compact circuit. The ancient rivalry between Toronto and Hamilton would help things along, and the traveling expenses would be small. If Fred Westbrook could be induced to manage the Hamiltonians, he would be able to give them the best in the land in the way of players. The C. L. A. would be no means be injured by the new Eastern professional league, if it is ever formed. In place of that, there would be a good deal of useful competition.

Perhaps for the first time in the history of Canadian cricket one of our players has made a thousand runs in a season, and Evans, the man in question, has a good chance of adding several hundred more before the bats are oiled and put away for the winter. My knowledge of cricket in Canada runs back, alas! something like twenty-five years, and I believe I am correct in saying that Evans' feat has never been duplicated. Playing here, on our untrustworthy wickets, the Mimico man's record is worth perhaps fifteen hundred runs in England, where the billiard table wickets give the batsmen all kinds of chances. Evans is far from being a pretty bat, but pretty bats are not in fashion nowadays. The time was when it was equal to committing the unpardonable sin for a man to "pull" a ball. Twenty years ago, at Upper Canada College, the boy who dragged an off ball to leg was sternly reproved by the coaches. I remember Mr. Jackson—still, to the College's benefit—a master, "jumping on" a boy who in a Trinity School-College match made two score runs, mainly by pulling. "Although you made the runs," said Mr. Jackson, "it would have been better if you had gone out first ball. You pulled atrociously." Mr. Jackson learned his cricket in Tom Brown's old school, and at Rugby all is—or was—traditional. A breach of form was almost as bad as a breach of morals. Nowadays in English cricket the thing is to get the runs. "Ranji" thinks nothing of cutting a ball off his leg stump if it would do better between point and cover than going to leg. Tradition is not too high in cricket nowadays.

My good friend, Michael G. Bristow of Ottawa, registered a warranted kick with me the other day. The Ottawa eleven has been playing here all week, and the protest of Mr. Bristow was against the habit of Toronto cricketers of strolling up to the ground at high noon. One would think that even the most sybaritic and somnolent of cricketers would be able to arise and go forth in time to start play at ten-thirty, but evidently they cannot get to the scene of the match before twelve o'clock. Hence, many draws, or one-inning victories. Hence, also, many cuss words from visiting elevens, who come to Toronto to play cricket and not to loaf around the clubhouse awaiting the arrival of their opponents.

I hear that the Toronto Rowing Club intends to go into the Rugby game this autumn. The oarsmen should do well, but I fear that the material is not in Toronto for three senior town teams. When the Argonauts for the second time started chasing the pigskin many prophesied that they would never turn out a first-class team. Events showed that the prophets were wrong. The same may be the case with the Toronto Club, but I still hold to my opinion that the Toronto cannot organize a team that will be in the same class as the club's representatives on the water are. When the time comes around, how would it do to have an amalgamation of the two clubs and call the team, say, the "Oarsmen"?

Burton Holland has been doing some great steeplechase riding at Saratoga. The "Little Un," as his friends dub him, is certainly the greatest gentleman steeplechase jockey



THE DOMINION LAWN BOWLING TOURNAMENT.
Scene on the lawn of the Victoria Club.

in Canada to-day. Nerry, always in form, a master of his mount, Burton is a splendid example of the gentleman amateur. Not many years ago Mr. Holland went to South Africa to fight Boers. He wasn't big enough to enlist, so he took train to Quebec when the first contingent was going away, and stole on board the transport. In other words, he became a stowaway. When he discovered himself, Colonel Otter, at his request, made him his servant. And that was no joke, either. Burton Holland performed the duties until he became a bugler. And if necessary he could have bought out of his own pocket a bugle for every man in the regiment.

The annual golf tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is invariably a success, and the indications are that this year's meeting will be no exception to the rule. The tournament begins on Monday, 29th instant, and will last three days. The events will be: Queen's Royal competition, Consolation Cup, Ladies' Open, and Ladies' Handicap. Silver medals, in addition to the trophies, will be given. The weather at Niagara is perfectly splendid just now, and the historic Queen's Royal is sure to entertain a big houseful of guests. Special rates will be in order, and I hear that many reservations of rooms have already been made.

It is very funny how slow my friends the sporting editors of the daily papers are in following anything but baseball, with an entire lacrosse, so to speak. Their columns are full of clipped baseball items, full of clipped baseball slang. They will not take the trouble to learn the parlance of other sports. Thus, in three daily journals the wired reports of the Seawanhaka races were made absolutely idiotic because they were edited—or unedited—by men who knew absolutely nothing of the grand sport of sailing. In the same way the recent motoring contests at Exhibition Park received far too little notice. In this connection it may be remarked that our up-to-date sporting writers insist on calling the sport "automobileing," a fearful term unknown except in Toronto and Podunk. I beg to lighten the darkness of these young men by informing them that "motoring" is the correct term and that a machine is a "car" or a "runabout," and so forth, instead of being an automobile. Accuracy is something. But it is more to some folk than to others.

OLYMPIAN.

LAWN BOWLING.

THE thirteenth annual tournament of the Dominion commenced on the lawns of the Granite and Victoria clubs on Monday last with the largest number of entries ever received for this event, seventy-five rinks from Ontario and Quebec competing, the latter province being ably represented by the Westmount bowlers of Montreal, under the able guidance of that old Scotch veteran, J. Brown, as skip. Our old friend, Jimmie Laird of Brampton, had to default, meeting, I regret to say, with a serious accident in the breaking of his arm. The action of the R.C.Y.C. in refusing the use of their lawn, as heretofore, left the committee no choice but to divide the competition between the Granite and Victoria

lawns, but so far the arrangement has worked satisfactorily under the guidance of Messrs. Sawbey, G. R. Hargrave, W. H. Hall, Doctors Hawke and Clarke. It can only be regarded as lucky that the change in the location was made, some being ill-natured enough to say it was a retribution, as the burning of the R.C.Y.C. clubhouse on Hiawatha Island would have seriously handicapped the tournament, and might have caused individual loss. The Old Country bowlers were fairly represented on the green. President Charles Caldwell of St. Matthew's with the smell of the salt brine still clinging to him, Papa E. C. Davies of the Caer-Hovells, Syd Jones and G. B. Woods of the Canadas are active participants in the game. The lawns are in excellent condition, and should the rain not prove a drawback a very successful tourney is assured.

The prizes are the finest ever given in any tournament yet held in Canada, and the Messrs. Walker of Walkerville, than whom no more ardent supporters of the game can be found the world over, have excelled themselves in the prizes they have awarded the winning rink in the Trophy competition.

Our next issue will contain a full description of the various games. Suffice it to say the competition this year is very keen and it will take a good rink to land the first prizes.

LUNA.

Dramatic Notes.

IN an article in the September number of the "Smart Set," David Belasco thus comments on the present-day theater:

"To my mind the most hopeful feature of the theatrical situation in America is the great spirit of independence and discrimination which the public has shown lately with regard to theatrical attractions. For the managers, to be sure, it has been a bitter experience, but it has taught them, I think, a much-needed lesson. They realize that the public is no longer to be taken in by 'flub-dub,' the bitter truth has been borne in on many of us that the dear old public will no longer swallow buncombe whole. For four or five years the country enjoyed a period of exceptional prosperity. The people were more or less theater-mad. Plays good, bad and indifferent attracted large audiences, their managers made money hand over fist. But with last season the tide turned.

"The first victim, and the one that most richly deserved its fate, was the badly dramatized novel. The public absolutely refused to swallow any more of these crude and inchoate concoctions dramatized overnight and literally chucked upon the stage after a couple of weeks' rehearsals.

"The next in line to suffer was the made-to-order star—the man or woman who, after one or two successes in leading roles, suddenly blossomed out as a would-be are-light in the theatrical firmament.

"If the past disastrous season has done nothing else it has at least reduced these two theatrical impostures to their proper level. And I make this statement in all kindness, too, for no one knows better than I of the ceaseless toil, the unselfish devotion, the indomitable perseverance and the heart-breaking setbacks which many actresses and some few actors

are experiencing in their sincere struggles to reach the top of the ladder and to maintain their position there.

"The stage in America to-day is stagnant on account of the commercial spirit which has been introduced into its dealings during the last six or seven years. No one appreciates and deprecates this fact more than the actors themselves—and no one—more's the pity—is so afraid to say so. If the actors are under a yoke of commercial tyranny to-day they have themselves to blame for it. There was a time seven years ago, when the Theatrical Syndicate was first formed, that Messrs. Joseph Jefferson, Nat Goodwin, Richard Mansfield, Francis Wilson and W. H. Crane, by merely standing shoulder to shoulder, could have nipped the scheme in its bud. To-day, much as any of them privately and unofficially may bemoan this fact, there isn't one of them who doesn't jump when the Syndicate pulls the string."

A vaudeville offering of unusual importance is promised in the announcement that Miss Jessie Millward, the eminent English actress and star, will appear at Shea's Theater next week in a one-act drama, entitled "The Queen's Messenger," by Jenny Hartley Manners. Miss Millward's new one-act play, "The Queen's Messenger," deals with the acts of a Russian spy to secure important state papers from an English officer. She succeeds in her mission, but remorse leads her to restore the papers to the officer, who would otherwise have been disgraced by their loss. Her supporting company includes Boyd Putnam. Among the other special features for the week will be Gus Williams in an original monologue; Zeno, Carl and Zeno, three of the country's foremost acrobats; Searl and Violet Allen in a sketch entitled "The Rent Collector"; Herbert Brooks in black art, which is said to be very good; Johnson and Wells; the kinetograph, and several other excellent acts.

Charles Frohman has begun rehearsals of the E. H. Sothern-Marlowe combination in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Much Ado About Nothing." John Drew in "The Duke of Killiecrankie," William H. Crane in "Business is Business," and Edna May in "The School Girl."

William Gillette will remain on his house-yacht, "Aunt Polly," working on his new play, until late in September, when he begins his season in "The Admirable Crichton."

Charles Frohman has re-engaged Bruce McRae to play the leading role with Ethel Barrymore in the production of "Sunday."

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert has written Charles Frohman that she is full of health, eager to begin her work, and has asked for her part in the new play, "Granny," which Clyde Fitch has written for her starring tour. The play will be produced in Philadelphia.

Annie Russell will remain at Pemaquid Harbor, Maine, until the second week in September. She does not begin her season in "Brother Jacques" until the end of October.

The Choir Takes a Trip.



Curate—Well, John, and have you been drinking in the ozone?

John—Oh didn't notice th' name o' th' 'ouse, sir, but it wor th' one opposite th' pier.

Intercepted Letters.

Tokio, August 12, 1904.

My Dear Old Nick,—

Just to show there's no hard feeling, I'm sending a line of congratulation about the boyski. I'm really very sorry that we had to treat his namesake so severely, but business is business, you know. I've been thinking that after we get Port Arthur I'd like to fix up a bomb-proof cottage as a summer residence for young Alexis. Of course you understand that James Comtee must give his consent. Well, good-by, old chap. With love to the Carina and all the little Cardinals, I remain, Truly yours, England, Aug. 10, 1904.

My Dear Perry,—

I understand from the Canadian Asinine Press that you have been welcomed by Toronto. By this time, I daresay, you will feel like sitting up and having the bandages removed from your right arm. Let me tell you, my boy, that although it seems hard at the time you will learn in after years to look back upon Toronto's friendship as an experience worth many moments of suffering. It takes a hero to be a hero—in Toronto. You may have your head broken, but Toronto's welcome warms your heart for many a day after. In my old age when I sit before the parlor grate and toast my venerable toes it will give me great comfort to think of the scene at the Union Station and the mellow notes of "Auld Lang Syne." Adieu, my dear Perry, and keep both hands on—Dundonald.

My Poor Dear Chamberlain,—

You will pardon my effusiveness, but when I think of Kipling's unkindness my eyes fill with tears which drip into the ink and account for the paleness of this epistle. In moments like these, my dear Joseph, the warmest human sympathy seems a poor thing, but I cannot refrain from expressing my indignation that Kipling should write such a barbarous attack on one in your defenceless position. Of course you can't write any poetry back, but if it will be any comfort to you I'll compose a little sonnet on your orchid that may in some measure soften the blow of "Things and the Man."

Yours cordially, Austin, J. G.

Chided.

The girls were in despair over papa. "Alas!" they murmured, "we cannot get him to do anything that is affected by the best people. He will not play golf, as it gets on his nerves. He will not play tennis, as it is too violent. He doesn't care for automobiling, or even horseback-riding. Dear mamma, what is to be done of us? Is there no way that we can get him to do anything?" But mamma tapped on the table indignantly with her fan. "Have you no filial feelings?" she observed. "Can it be possible that I have brought you up with such an utter disregard for your poor dear papa? Can you not permit him to live and die in obscurity while making enough to keep us going? Surely, my darlings, this is all we have a right to expect from a Providence already severely overtaxed."

Father—Well, my boy, I don't know of any way to make a living honestly except by working for it. Son—Oh, spruce up, dad, and shake those obsolete ideas of yours.

Nodd—Are your children making any progress in school? Todd—Fine! Why, they treat me with more contempt all the time.



It is not Port Arthur that worries the Czar.

Intimate Interviews.

IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

I FOUND the Intimate Interviewer stretched at full length on a comfortable leather sofa in the library of his palatial home, smoking an expensive Havana cigar and dozing over a copy of "Punch." The source of his alleged wit became evident.

"It was suggested to me," I started in boldly, "that, as you are so given to prying into the personal affairs of others, and then publishing the results of your investigations, you could not—provided you have any sense of fairness left—object if I try a few of your own methods on you. It is with this object, sir—"

His elongated form tied itself into several knots in quick succession—and when it finally unwound itself again my host was sitting upright and regarding me with a look of mixed amusement and dismay.

"Oh, come!" he said, "come, this is going a bit too far. You see, my work in the world is to make clear to the people the qualities of their public men—the qualities that those persons would be most reluctant to acknowledge as their characteristics. The importance of such service can scarcely be estimated—in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that to my keenness of insight this country will in the future owe the purity of its political and other public life; for it must be unquestioned that those persons whom I have interviewed will never dare to show themselves before the people as candidates for office until they have learned the well-merited lesson I have taught them by dissecting and laying bare their most objectionable features."

"Quite a little puff for a modest man," I suggested. He flushed scarlet and bit at his lower lip. "Well, really," he sneered, "I must congratulate you on the self-assurance and frankness you display in the house of a stranger whose uninvited guest you have made yourself. Believe me, I desire to display nothing but a proper courtesy, but if your interview is to progress to any satisfactory conclusion, any remarks you may desire to make must be of a nature more suited to the dignity and general standing of your host than you seem at present disposed to make them. I may add, it would be in considerably better taste were you to play the part of attentive audience while I impart any information concerning myself that I consider of interest and—and—well—unsuitable."

The egotism of the man disgusted me so that I could not refrain from administering to him a little of his own medicine, though in this case I felt that it would be more beneficial to say what I had to say to his face instead of following his somewhat cowardly plan of waiting several days and then publishing the criticism in a newspaper.

"It seems, sir," I hinted—somewhat directly, I admit—"that you are not entirely free from those little peculiarities which appeared to furnish you with so much material for merriment when you found them in others."

"You mean—" he drawled indifferently.

"That you are not inclined to quote your intellectual stock one cent below par."

He struck out his lips thoughtfully and stroked his jaw for a moment. "No," he admitted, "perhaps I am not. But why should I? You seem to desire to suggest that because those inferior persons whom I set in their proper places, the eyes of the world are possessed of an erroneous idea of their own intellectual qualities. I must be laboring under the same error." He smiled and waved his hand deprecatingly. "Quite a common mistake at your time of life, my boy. Later you will be able to distinguish between the real and the artificial."

"Then your opinion of the value of your own services to society is—"

"Of little interest from the publisher's point of view. All thoughtful persons are already well aware of my real worth—and to others I do not appeal. To publish my opinion of myself would, therefore, place me in a false light. My admirers would deem me unnecessarily explanatory—a weakness of which I have never been accused—while the vulgar could not but fall into the error into which you have just stumbled. No, I am quite content to rest in the confidence that I am appreciated where I would be appreciated, and cordially hated in quarters where hatred must be construed as a compliment."

"It is indeed a happy disposition which can turn anything into an honor."

"Tut! That is but one of my qualities. I have turned a kick into an invitation to dine."

I fell into a violent fit of coughing that I might not laugh aloud, but my host seemed unconscious of any cause for amusement and proceeded diligently with his confessions.

"Yes, I had a rather unpleasant experience with Senator Kerr, an understudy of Lord William Mackenzie's, you will no doubt remember. In the course of the series of interviews which I was writing, I thought the Senator might work in somewhere between Castell Hopkins and Bob Fleming, so I called on him." He paused to chuckle as he recalled the incident. "Well, you never saw a more absurd reception in your life. Heaven knows the Senator is delightful enough in the street, but at home and under the circumstances connected with my call he was positively delicious. Yes, he was ready for me before I had reached the steps of Rathenly—in fact, it was on the steps that he was waiting, his feet two yards apart, his hands beneath his coat-tails, his god-like curls combed with his shoulders, and his whiskers high in air. 'Back!' he commanded in a lordly tone, extending his sceptre hand—palm out—towards me. Of course I made a note of the attitude, tone and gesture—and proceeded as if nothing of a chilling nature had occurred. I informed him that I had done him the honor of deeming him of sufficient public interest to deserve a place in my somewhat unique collection—and that I intended to interview him then and there. He protested, backed toward the door, and threatened to call his 'man.' But I was firm and insisted on putting unpleasant questions one after the other till the climax finally arrived and I landed on the bottom step in a position that was least comfortable on account of a bruise I had received with the impetus that had conducted me to my temporary resting-place. Haw, haw! Mighty lucky stroke!" the interviewer chuckled.

"Lucky?" I puzzled. "Well, rather! About the luckiest thing I've struck since I entered journalism. You see, I was able to hold a tremendous weapon over his head. He had assaulted me. I could have had him arrested. But what did I do? I threatened him with prosecution, persecution and the publication of his photograph in connection with a report that he was about to be appointed solicitor for the Grand Trunk Pacific. That brought him to his knees, as I well knew it would. If there is anything the Senator can't stand that thing is publicity. He is of a modest, retiring nature that shrinks at the very mention of fame or notoriety. Well, to make a long story short, he invited me to dinner, treated me like a prince, and—well, he did very handsomely by me; but of course I cannot go into details on a matter of a strictly confidential nature."

"You mean he—"

"Oh, no, I can't say that. You see, I gave my word that the matter would never be mentioned, so of course it must not be discussed at all."

"You have aroused my curiosity to the highest pitch. Indeed, I should be willing to give almost anything to know what he did for you."

"Almost anything, eh? Well, how much? I'm always open to make a deal."

Such openly-confessed treachery and villainy made me shiver. Here was this man, whose business it was to expose the weaknesses of others, actually proposing to betray a secret that he had promised to keep—for some trifling sum of money. I turned from the suggestion in disgust—and then, I'm not a very flush, anyway.

"Well, to be candid without holding you up," the interviewer confessed, "it wasn't the way the Senator treated me that made me refer to the kick as the luckiest experience that I have run across for a long time. It was the idea I got from his treatment. Why, if it hadn't been for that interview—and that kick down the steps—I might have been in journalism for the rest of my days. Now I have retired. My days of interviewing are at an end. I no longer need to write."

I gazed at him in wonder. "You are surprised," he smiled. "No wonder. It is rather unusual for a journalist to retire under eighty. Well, in this case I find that it is much more profitable to promise a man that I will not interview him than to go to the trouble of writing him up. Oh, it's a great scheme. I only regret that I didn't strike it before. Good-by."

Madge—How does Dolly know she has gained two pounds since she came here? Marjorie—She can't get into her bathing-suit.

Some men like their peaches overripe and handmarked.

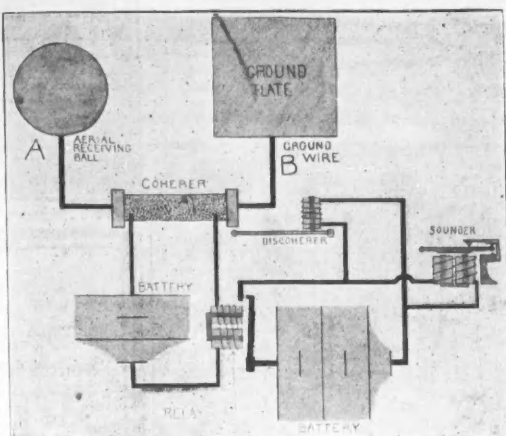


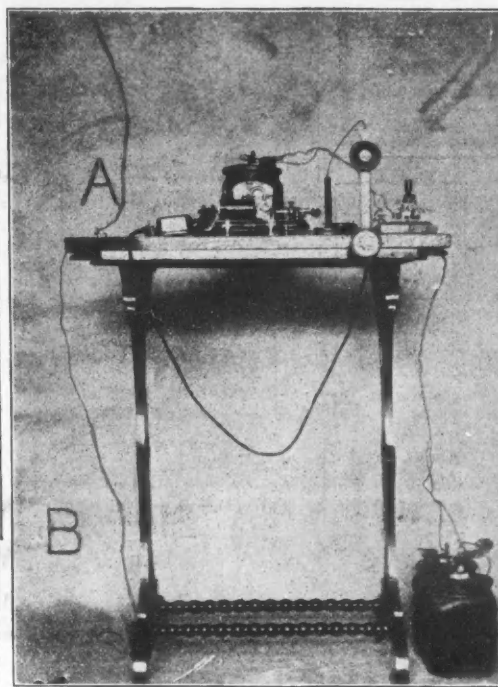
Diagram of wireless telegraphy apparatus.

The Number of Flashes During an Electric Storm.

ABOVE is shown the photograph of the receiver of a wireless telegraphy machine. During the thunderstorm of Saturday last this machine registered one hundred and ninety-one individual flashes of lightning. The longest of these flashes probably made the machine work continuously for some ten seconds. They were counted only between the end of the hail-storm and the end of the rain, for during the hail the flashes were so close together and so continuous that it was practically impossible to count them. At every flash, whether visible or not, the telephone receiver, which can be seen in the photograph, gave a sharp click. If the flash was longer than a fraction of a second the receiver kept up a series of clicks which sound very much like the noise made by an ordinary electric buzzer.

Why the machine works during a lightning-storm is readily explained. A message is sent with a wireless machine as follows: A large electric spark is made to jump across between two points of contact; this spark sets other waves traveling in all directions and through nearly all substances. A portion of these waves go to the receiving ball (A in the accompanying diagram) and breaking on it cause a current of static electricity to travel along the connecting wire and magnetize the steel filings in the coherer. This allows the current from

the batteries to travel through the coherer and work the relay. This relay works the sounder and the decoder. The decoder strikes the coherer and demagnetizes the steel filings. The sounder makes the clicks which go to form the Morse alphabet. When the flashes of an electric storm jump between the clouds and earth, the huge spark sends out other



The apparatus as it appears in use.

waves in all directions. These waves affect the wireless machine in the same way as the ether waves sent out by the wireless telegraphy transmitter.

In the photograph of the machine the telephone receiver has been put on instead of the sounder shown in the diagram. MAX DE LACY.

Ye Game of Bowls.

AS far as I could discover the other day up at the Granite Rink, lawn bowling might under some circumstances be wildly exciting. Several times during the afternoon I felt inclined to clap my hands vigorously and say "Hurrah!" but then I must confess I was sitting next to an enthusiast and he was next to the—oh, but I forgot, this is a temperance paper. I watched particularly one athlete (a splendid player he was, too). He would pick up a ball and hold it in his hand as if he were going to do the Hamlet dodge and soliloquy, and then after being shouted at by a man at the other end of the rink he would go down on one knee and blink two or three times, and then without any further warning he would roll the ball along the ground until it was stopped by another at the other end of the rink. Then he would stand upright again and some man would say "good ball," or "well tried," and our friend would try not to look pleased; but of course we know what he must have felt.

Well, I watched that game for hours and never quitted my post, except to walk a few paces and smile with, to or at a friend, when it suddenly struck me that I had heard of bowls being played centuries ago. So I informed my friend that I was not as ignorant as I looked. He muttered something like "lucky," and I told him a story of a man who lived in the reign of George I. or one of those sovereigns who lived in the sixteenth century—what was his name? Goose, or Duck, or something. Ah! I have it—Drake, Sir Francis Drake. Well, I told my friend how he was playing bowls one day and a man came and told him there was an armada coming up the Channel, and how Sir Francis finished the game, and won it, too, and he was the skip, and how he then went on board his ship and then he was skipper, and finally played at long bowls with the Spaniards and made them skip. I was going to tell him some more yarns, but he said that he had to hurry home, and so he left me. Of course after his departure I didn't stay long, and saying good-by to many friends I made my exit, having spent a very charming, interesting and instructive afternoon.

NON-COMBATANT.

Gentlemen Wanted.

THERE is a story told of one of the English Premiers who said that in appointing judges he always picked out a gentleman. "If he knows a little law, so much the better," the Premier added.

No doubt this is a poor rule for choosing judges, but it might not be a bad standard in selecting teachers for a college. This is true particularly if the word "gentleman" be taken not in the wide sense of a man of presentable manners,

but rather in the sense of a man of personal distinction and force of character who stands out in an ordinary gathering. One of the chief benefits that a boy can get out of four years at college is the opportunity of close contact with men of commanding intellect and vigorous personality. Half of a college education is gained outside of the classroom, on the campus, in the fraternity houses, and wherever students and professors meet as friends and comrades. At Oxford the associations and the environment have always been looked upon as the strongest educative force at the university, and a boy who resides four years in one of the Oxford colleges is not deemed to have wasted his time even though he have not worked for honors or done much reading of any sort.

In this country it is difficult for universities to get the best class of men for their faculties because other professions offer greater rewards to successful men. The man of personal force goes into politics, into the law, into engineering, into any other profession than teaching. As a consequence of this tendency the universities are compelled to accept the negative, colorless men who, being too timid to brave the rough world, prefer the quiet shelter of academic halls. These men are often industrious and painstaking scholars, but they are too clerical, too monastic, too subdued to be teachers of the first quality. The ideal teacher is a leader of men; a man of action as well as of thought. He has had experience of life beyond the campus. He is a man of the world, with red blood in his veins; not a pedant or a prude; not impractically academic; not a mere "dig." He is a man to whom boys can open up their minds freely, who can give good advice without a didactic strain in it, and who can make himself a strong moral leader in the university.

A great teacher is necessarily a great man. He wields a powerful influence in his generation, for his students, scattering, spread his name and his teachings. The influence of such masters as Arnold of Rugby, Jowett of Balliol and Agassiz of Harvard lasted long, and their names stand for certain noble traditions and ideals which are yet forces in education and in society.

The late Professor Le Conte of Berkeley was a teacher who measured well by this standard. He was not the modern type of professor who is a specialist in a narrow department of learning, but, on the contrary, he was of the old school; a man of varied learning who, like Bacon, took all knowledge for his province, whose sympathies were catholic, and who had a strong moral and intellectual grip on his students. Le Conte's interests were not purely academic. He was a part of the world, and thus he kept his mind broad, open and active.

"Henpeck tells his wife everything that he does," "Yes, and he does everything that she tells him."



STREET SCENE IN LONDON.

Mr. Chamberlain—Well, really, this is extremely complimentary, but so conspicuous!

A Matter of Memory.

IT was not often that Billy Forester found himself utterly bored and at a loss for occupation. But the trip from Toronto to Muskoka Wharf had been hot and dusty, the car was filled with noisy children who insisted on informing everyone just what they were going to do for the next two weeks, and a wailing infant had made the afternoon hideous from Allandale to Gravenhurst. Just after the steamer got nicely out into Lake Muskoka, the novel in which he had just managed to become interested had been carelessly laid on the railing and took occasion to tumble into the lake and leave the owner lamenting. Then Billy found that his canoe had been put on the wrong boat and he expressed himself in appropriate terms. He devoted himself to the scenery and saw the same old islands and the same old sunburned faces all the way to "giddy, giddy Sandfield." After they got into Lake Joseph he discovered that the young woman sitting in the bow was holding a copy of the book which had gone overboard. It was a good yachting story and he wondered how it turned out. The woman didn't seem to be very much interested in the book, either, for it was too dark to read.

Just then the object of his scrutiny looked around and blushed deeply at his penetrating gaze. Then she frowned and looked out over the water as if the west shore were an enthralling sight. Billy transferred his attention from the book to the woman, and felt his ennui disappear. It may be remarked that Billy usually finds feminine society an antidote for pessimism, in spite of the fact that he was thirty years old last April. He is of decidedly social tendencies and felt a sudden desire to converse with the owner of the book and find out her opinion of the hero and of several other characters. She looked like a person with opinions, and yet the month had a lingering sweetness, although the chin showed a will of considerable strength. Billy said cross things to himself about the absurdity of conventionality, especially as it governs introductions, and wondered if he might say something about the weather.

He suddenly set his lips firmly and moved towards the brown-clad figure in the bow. It was horribly awkward of Billy, but he knocked over a chair which sent the young woman's umbrella flying, and she, in the attempt to rescue it, lost the novel also, which fell under a rocking-chair and lay there with two of the leaves curled up in amusement.

"That was awfully clumsy of me," exclaimed Billy in a voice of sincere contrition. "Do let me get your umbrella. I'm so sorry, but I believe the handle's broken."

"It doesn't matter," said the owner with dignity. "It was quite loose and has come off before."

"But I'm sure I can screw it on," said Billy, persuasively, "and here's your book, too. By Jove! it's the same yarn I was reading this afternoon, only it was blown overboard."

"That was too bad," murmured the lady with a gleam of sympathy.

"Oh, it's always my luck. If it had been my tailor's bill or a church paper it would have stayed right on deck, no matter what gale was blowing." Billy has such a childlike air of injury when reciting his wrongs that even a stranger cannot help becoming interested, and the lady smiled, somewhat as Priscilla might have smiled, if it is true, but there was no taking amusement. Billy proceeded to seat himself near her and explain that the boat was delayed on account of an excursion from Rosseau.

"I'm going as far as Port Coleman," he volunteered, "and I'm afraid it will be about ten o'clock before we get there."

"Is it a pretty place?" asked the fair unknown, with the air of one who is in Muskoka for the first time. Billy liked it, it was clear and distinct, but there was a note of girlish timidity which was far from unpleasant, and then she had blushed, and Billy liked the unusual occurrence.

"Yes, it's a pretty good place. I've been up there nearly every other summer for the last ten years. I've often thought of going somewhere else, but in the end I usually pack my valise in a hurry and buy a ticket for Port Coleman. There's a great deal in habit. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose there is," assented the stranger. Billy proceeded to become philosophical.

"Now, even in the matter of friendship, I believe we keep up certain old friends, not because we really care for them so much, but because we've just become accustomed to their ways."

"Then you don't believe in the saying that old books, old friends and old wine are best?"

"Not at all," said Billy, becoming more interested as the lady's hair was blown about her ears and curled becomingly instead of hanging in limp, brown strings. "Now," he said to himself, "most girls would look like frights out in this breeze. But she's looking prettier every minute. I wonder what her name is, anyway." Aloud he continued, "No, I don't think that you need to have a friend for years and years in order to appreciate him—or her. Sometimes a mere glance or the meeting of an hour will take the place of years of commonplace acquaintanceship." Billy was fairly launched on his favorite topic when conversing for the first time with a woman who interested him. He became almost eloquent and even used such expressions as "intuitive sympathy" and "instinctive friendship."

"But perhaps," he said, at length, "you don't agree with me. Perhaps you think it is necessary to know people for half a dozen years before you have any confidence in them."

"I don't know that I should say half a dozen," said the stranger, thoughtfully, "but I don't trust in first impressions." Billy spent some time in endeavoring to show how grave an error she was making, and then as the lights of Port Coleman were beginning to twinkle across the lake he turned the conversation to more personal affairs, and, taking courage from the lady's silence, begged for the bunch of faded sweet peas pinned to her coat.

"But what good will these poor crushed flowers do you?" said the lady, opening wide her innocent grey eyes. "Wait until you reach the hotel and get some nice fresh ones."

"I want those," said Billy, doggedly. The woman's eyes flashed with a mixture of wrath and amusement. Then, slowly removing the flowers, she said quietly, as she handed them to the young man:

"They're not the first flowers I've given you, Mr. Forester." Billy jumped and the withered sweet peas fell unnoticed to the deck.

"What—where?" he stammered in confusion. But she was laughing merrily, and, as soon as she was able to speak, gasped out:

"Why, I knew you quite well, eight years ago, at Port Coleman. I was there with my aunt—from London. I have your name scrawled all over my hunchback autograph album, to say nothing of my copy of Tennyson. Of course you don't remember me, because you—were—very—busy—that summer." It all came back to him then. He was only twenty-two years old and had made an awful fool of himself over an alleged widow from Buffalo. The lady in brown had been a sweet little thing about eighteen whom he had taken out canoeing when the widow was making a fool of some one else. But what was her name? And he had talked such fearful stuff about friendship and first impressions.

"I think you might have told me," he said, reproachfully. "I am going to Port Coleman, too," said the lady, "but I should never have dreamed of talking to you about all these things if I hadn't known you eight years ago."

"Of course not," said Billy; "but let me carry your valise." CANADIAN.

A Knight of the Garter.

She held her skirt close with one hand—

Behind her, on the ground, there lay—

A dainty pale blue satin band—

(And Peggy blushed in dire dismay).

Its broken clasp, beyond repair,

Was useless, so we left it there.

What could a fellow do? I could

Not leave my sweetheart thus, although

With flaming cheeks she said she would

Be happier far if I'd but go.

I stayed—but turned away my face—

And then walked home—sans one shoe-lace!

—The "Preux Chevalier."

She—Mrs. Sparker has done nothing lately but run down her neighbors.

He—I had no idea she was such a gossip.

She—Who said anything about gossip? She is learning to drive her new motor-car.

Mrs. Benham—What are the first signs of insanity?

Benham—In a man, marriage.

Peer and Peasant in the British Realm

have for more than a quarter of a century looked upon

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Natural Laxative
Mineral Water

as the most efficient and yet most gentle remedy for **CONSTIPATION** and all complaints arising from a sluggish liver. Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

A young graduate in law, who had had some experience in New York City, wrote to a prominent practitioner in Arkansas to enquire what chance there was in that section for such a one as he described himself to be. He said: "I am a Republican in politics, and an honest young lawyer." The reply that came seemed encouraging in its interest: "If you are a Republican the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

An English student tells that when he was attending school at Leipzig the feeling regarding the Boer war ran high, the Germans eagerly exulting over any news of British defeat. One of the university professors was the most rabid pro-Boer. One day he posted a notice announcing that there would be a meeting of the professorate to protest against the action of England in South Africa, and that the meeting would be held in the Zoological Gardens. An English student was bold enough to write under the notice: "And a very good place, too," but he had to leave the university on account of his wit.

Big "Tim" Sullivan, who likes a clean, close shave every day, tells of his experience with a barber in Pennsylvania avenue while he was attending Congress. Mr. Sullivan went into the shop one morning and reposed comfortably in the chair. For two or three mornings he had noticed the barber had been drinking, but he hesitated to speak to him about it. Finally the blade of the razor slipped under the surface of the congressman's chubby chin. "There, you idiot!" he shouted, jumping from the chair; "now you see what liquor does." "Yes," replied the barber calmly, "it is apt to make the skin tender."

A visitor to the St. Louis Exposition was congratulating Joseph W. Folk, the district attorney of the city, upon the speed with which he had brought the "boodle" aldermen to trial. "Speed," said Mr. Folk, smiling, "is an excellent thing, a thing that will achieve wonders. I heard the other day of an Irishman, though, who expected too much of speed. This Irishman was a painter. Usually, being paid by the hour, he worked rather slowly, but a friend, one day, found him painting away like a steam engine. That friend paused to investigate so strange a matter. 'What's come over ye, Maguire?' he said. 'It ain't like you to work so fast,' 'Whist,' said Maguire. 'Stand out of the way and don't stop me. O'm shrivin' to git through before me paint gives out.'"

Two artists were regarding, in a Fifth Avenue gallery, a print of Millais' "Chill October." One of them said: "Sir John Millais once showed me the original of 'Chill October,' and at the same time he told me a story about it. He said that as he sat painting one gray afternoon, among the reeds and rushes of the Tay, a voice from behind a hedge asked: 'Man, did ye never try photography?' 'No,' never," said Sir John, and he continued to paint slowly. "It's a hantle quicker," said the voice. "Yes, I suppose so," the painter agreed. Then the voice said bitingly: 'An' it's mair like the place.'"

Charles M. Schwab, during a recent visit to Europe, met an impoverished French nobleman. The nobleman had no English, but Mr. Schwab speaks French well. Thus the two had many talks about the opportunities that America offers to the poor. This Irishman said in English: "The nobleman said in it that he had been studying English with a tutor, and he ended with these suggestive words: 'In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on the sea to lecture.'"

Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson of Concord is fond of telling of an old servant whose heart was exceedingly kind, and in whom the qualities of pity and compassion were developed nearly to perfection. He was once driving his master and Emerson through the country. As they approached a new house that the master was building, they saw an old woman sneaking away with a bundle of wood. "Jabez, Jabez," cried the master, "do you see that old woman taking my wood?" Jabez looked with pity at the old woman, then with scorn at his master. "No, sir," he said, stoutly, "I don't see her; and, what's more, I didn't think that you would see her either."

An attendant at Mount Vernon not long since found a lady weeping most bitterly and audibly with her handkerchief at her eyes. He stepped up to her and said: "Are you in any trouble, madam?" "No, sir," she sobbed, "I saw you weeping." "Ah!" said she, "how can one help weeping at the grave of the Father of his Country?" "Oh! Indeed, madam," said he, "that's it! The tomb is over yonder. This is the ice-house."

"The Book Shop."

Shakespearean Playing Cards

representing the immortal dramatist's well-known characters—the daintiest and most beautiful line of cards we ever handled. Inspection cordially invited.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.
8 King St. West, Toronto

A CENTURY OF CLIPPINGS

"A splendid ball was given at the India Office to the Sultan. It was quite a fairy scene, but a melancholy event occurred which will throw a gloom over the rest of the Sultan's visit. Madame Musurus, the wife of the Turkish Ambassador, was taken ill whilst leading her company to supper, and suddenly dropped down dead. As I was walking with Lady Manners through the ball-room her dead body was carried out quite close to us."

"Memoirs of an Ex-Minister" (The Earl of Malmesbury, G.C.B.), under date July 19, 1867. "A most wicked and diabolical conspiracy has lately been discovered in the 28th Regiment of Foot, stationed at Malden in Essex, consisting chiefly of Irishmen. The conspirators having heard that many of our soldiers on their return from Egypt were afflicted with a disease called ophthalmia, which occasioned blindness, originated a report that the complaint was infectious, and that about three hundred of that regiment had experienced its dreadful effects. Government became much alarmed at the affair, and surgeons of eminence were sent down to investigate the disease. Some of the men were, in consequence, discharged, and others were pensioned and sent to Chelsea. At length, it appears from the confession of one of the Irishmen, who became an evidence against the rest, that the blindness was temporary, and caused by the application of a certain ointment to the eyes. Every man using the ointment was bound by a particular oath devised for the occasion not to discover the secret. The man stated that this strange and admirable scheme was engaged in for the purpose of procuring discharges, or being sent to Chelsea, etc. The witnesses deposed that the ointment was used by nearly three hundred men, chiefly Irishmen. The offenders are prosecuted for conspiracy under the Mutiny Act.—"St. James's Chronicle," July 21, 1867.

"The conduct of this noble hero—Captain Manners—during the late desperate engagement between the 'Reindeer' and the 'Wasp,' in which he gloriously fell, is the theme of universal praise. After having part of the claws of his legs carried away by a cannon-shot, he received another through both thighs, which made him sink for two or three minutes on his knees; but no oaths could prevail on him to go below, and, recovering himself, he headed the borders, with a full determination to master his antagonist or perish in the attempt. While climbing into the rigging, two balls from the 'Wasp's' tops penetrated the top of his skull and came out beneath his chin. Placing his left hand to his forehead, the other convulsively brandishing his sword, he exclaimed: 'My God! my God! and dropped lifeless on his own deck.' Cambridge "Chronicle," July 22, 1814.

Walker Howard, the pretender to the Dukedom of Norfolk, was charged at the Marlborough street office on Tuesday with creating a riot in St. James's square from ten in the morning until four. This defendant has been charged and imprisoned numerous times on this offence. The Duke of Norfolk had come to a determination to stop the nuisance. In defence the defendant went on in the rhodomontade style of a madman, alleging all sorts of libellous abuse against the Norfolk family. He concluded with modestly assuring the magistrate that he wanted to live in the country like a gentleman. He was committed to Bridewell in default of bail.—"Sun," July 21, 1814.

"Last week a gentleman was brought before the sitting magistrates of one of the northern divisions of the County of Suffolk, charged on the oath of a young lady of high rank, niece of a noble lord, that she was verily afraid that he would carry her away from her uncle's mansion against her will and the public peace, and contrary to law, he having followed her from Bath where he had first met her at the public assembly, and become so totally enamored of her that he immediately introduced himself to her family, and on her returning to their seat in Suffolk, he took up his quarters at an inn in the neighborhood, from whence he embraced every opportunity of obtruding himself on her notice, and which laid her under the necessity of making use of the means above resorted to for her own security. He described himself as a captain in the Royal Fusiliers, a native of Ireland, and nearly related to a peer of that Kingdom. He was required by the magistrate to find bail for the next quarter sessions, himself in £1,000 and two sureties of £50 each. Being so perfect a stranger in the neighborhood, this latter requisition would have occasioned some difficulty if it had not been immediately obviated by the captain producing two bank notes of £50 each, which, speaking a language universally understood, procured his immediate enlargement."—Norwich "Mercury," July 19, 1817.

"The following is the correct betting on the approaching contests: 2 to 1 upon the Chicken against Guley; 5 to 4 on Dutch Sam against Tom Reicher; 7 to 4 on Caleb Baldwin against Ryan. The Black should get the whip-hand of Holmes. The Coachman is matched by Mr. Fletcher Read to fight young Crib, who is the favourite. Dutch Sam has been lately very handsomely cut up by the Wandsworth Butcher."—The "Advertiser," July 10, 1805.

"According to the statement of an hon. member in the House of Commons, the regulations of the Dublin General Post-Office are of a very singular kind. The letter-sorters vow that they every now and then open the letters and take out the contents, in order to compensate for the inadequacy of their salaries."—"St. James's Chronicle," July 9, 1867.

The Bee-Swarm ing.



IV. —"Fliegende Blaetter."

Good News for the Old Folks.

Mr. Angus McMillan tells them Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure their Stomach Troubles.

Of peculiar interest to the aged is the story of Mr. Angus McMillan, of Laggan P. O., Glengarry Co., Ont. Mr. McMillan is now over 82 years of age, and looks hearty enough to reach the 100 mark. He attributes a large part of his splendid health to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. He says: "I suffered from Dyspepsia for more than 20 years but never met with anything to cure me till I commenced taking Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. After using them for two days all the pain and restlessness left me. 'I am in one sense a new man and have great reason to be thankful for all the good Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have done me.' Stomach troubles are one of the burdens the old folks have to bear. It is good news for them that there is a speedy and effectual cure for them in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

destiny, and millions of the French adored him as a sort of demigod. What would Napoleon have become had he, with his military genius, been a modest, diffident character, content to play second fiddle to Barras, or Sleyes, or anybody else? Put two men together and the one who thinks most of himself will dominate the other. Modesty is a source of weakness. Humility is a virtue in the spiritual but not in the worldly sense. It embarrasses a man who has his own way to make.

Van Tart—I don't think much of leap year. Le Whey—What's the matter? Van Tart—The girls propose to you, but expect you to buy the ring. Mrs. Dorcas—You can't go fishing on Sunday. You must get up early and go to church. Willie—Why can't we be rich, ma, and then our church would be closed up all summer.

Egotism Helps a Man.

THE value of egotism as an aid in getting on in the world is not appreciated by most people. Egotism is offensive in manners, but in the long run it pays the egotist. People naturally like a modest, diffident man who is too timid to assert his rights and who will let them trample on him. The modest man is easy to get along with, for he takes what he is given and makes no complaint. The modest man is popular because he never asks anything for himself and is usually willing to perform services for others.

On the other hand, the egotist is assertive. He demands things and threatens to raise a row if he does not get them. He has an opinion of his own importance, and this opinion he impresses on others by his manner, his actions, and his declarations. As people generally take a man at his own valuation, the egotist is looked upon as of vastly more consequence than the modest man who is better liked.

Look about at the men who have attained eminent success. Most of them are intelligent egotists. Very few are conspicuous for modesty. As a class, the modest men are working for the egotists. Sometimes egotism is so strong in a man that it carries him to success without the assistance of any talent at all.

The great "heroes" of history, the men who are worshipped for the power they had, were egotists to a man. Alexander was an egotist. So were Caesar, Cromwell, Frederick, Napoleon and Bismarck. These conquerors thought of themselves first and always. To gain their ends they sent nations to war and slew thousands in battle. The very egotism of these men drew the loyalty of the multitude. Napoleon proclaimed himself the child of

"OLD MULL" Scotch

For the Stomach

Vichy is a specific for stomach troubles. It neutralizes acidity—relieves that distressed feeling after eating—insures the perfect digestion of food. A glass before breakfast is the forerunner of a hearty meal.

The real

VICHY

comes from the Celestins springs owned by the French Government. It cannot be bought in bulk, in siphons or at soda fountains.

Genuine Vichy

CÉLESTINS

is sold only in bottles bearing the tri-colored neck label of

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Sole Canadian Agents.



TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

Recommended by Physicians
Drunk by Connoisseurs

GEO. J. FOY, Agent, TORONTO.



If you don't eat cheese you should. If you do eat cheese see that you get MacLaren's Imperial.

It is the original cheese packed in opal jars. Imitations will cost you just as much.

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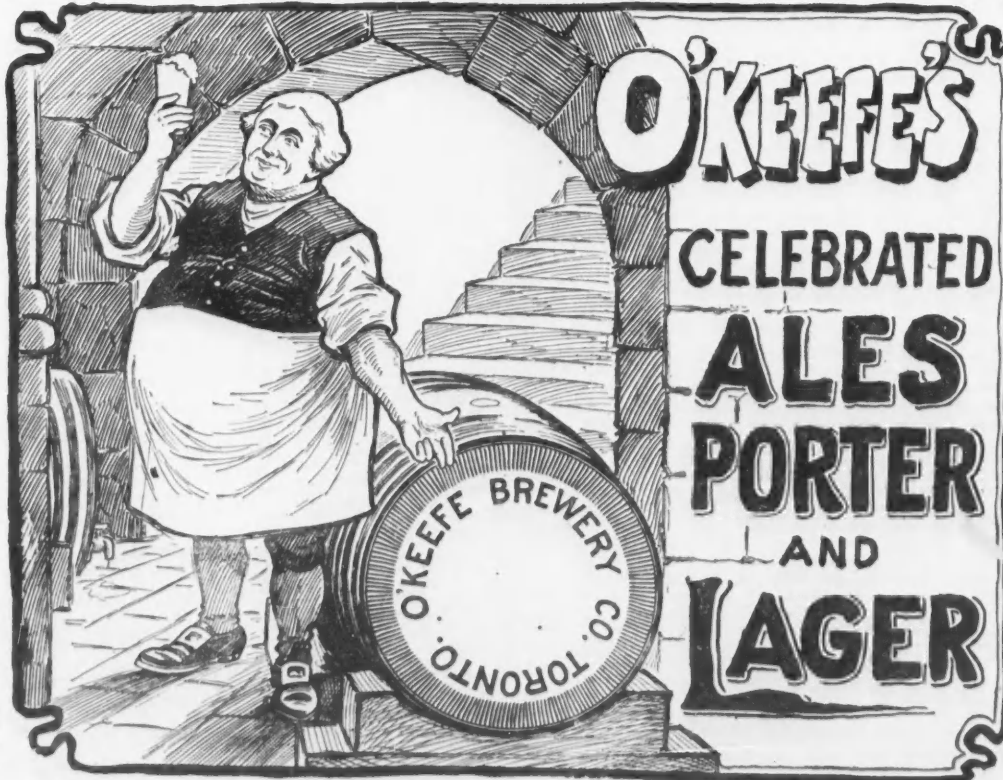
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Exhibition
TORONTO, Aug 29 to Sept. 10

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW
500 performers, including
the celebrated pipers of the
Black Watch.

Pyrotechnic Display
on a larger scale than ever at-
tempted before. Special feature of
set pieces and designs of great
splendor.

Dare-Devil Schreyer
In his fearless
108 Feet Dive from a Bicycle
into a tank 2 feet deep.

**Six Batteries of Canadian
Field Artillery**
in their clever Musical Drive
and Evolutions

Winschermann's Bears
These marvelously trained Bears
are a whole show in themselves.

ADGIE'S LIONS
Amongst many other wonderful
acts these Lions are saddled
and driven as if they were well-
trained horses.

THE BICKETT FAMILY
the world's most daring
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Aerial Acrobats

AL. YODER
Rounding Wire Artist.

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The most marvelous Musical
Instrument known.

SANSON AND DELILA
in some remarkable Athletic Feats.

THE HOLLANDS
Comic Acrobats.

ALDO AND AMOUR
In a Novel and Comic Bar Act.

RAE AND BENEDETTO
In a new and startling Ladder Act.
And Others

The Black Watch Band will play
before the Grand Stand twice daily
and on the grounds each morning.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinee Daily WEEK AUG. 22 Mats. 25
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The Offering of the Season
Greatest Dramatic Sketch in Vaudeville
Miss Jessie Millward
The Distinguished English Actress in
"A Queen's Messenger."

DELTORELLI & GLISSANDO
Musical Grotesques

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Presenting "The Sign Painter."

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Elevated Bar and Human Trapeze

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In Song, Story and Tricitation

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Card Manipulator and Trunk Mystery

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Colored Singers and Dancers

KINETOGRAPH
With All New Pictures.
Special Extra Attraction

The Great Therese
Comedy Hypnotic Act.

Squires—Rosie Rouge says she loves
to loop the loop.
Myers—Well, she knows her way
around, I guess.
Geraldine—What are the wild waves
saying?
Gerald—I can't hear a thing while
you have that loud bathing-suit on.

SOCIETY

The engagement is announced in
Montreal of Miss Lillian Jaques, daugh-
ter of Mr. C. Arthur Jaques and grand-
daughter of the late Mr. G. E. Jaques,
to a Mr. Wallace Nicoll, fourth son of
the late Mr. Archibald Nicoll, formerly
of Quebec.

The engagement is announced of Miss
Agnes Corrigan, daughter of Mr. Peter
Corrigan of Lucknow, and Mr. F. L.
Pearson of Tavistock.

Dr. Karl H. Van Norman, who gradu-
ated from the Toronto University this
year, and who has been spending the
summer at the residence of his parents,
"The Cedars," Lake Simcoe, started on
Tuesday for the Pacific coast to attend
the convention of the Medical Associa-
tion at Vancouver next week. He pur-
poses returning through the United
States, visiting several of the large
cities en route.

Miss Edna Dowson of Wood street is
visiting Miss Florence Noyce of Min-
den.

Miss Trilby Lorsch of 16 Grenville
street left on Tuesday for an extended
trip to Chicago and Los Angeles.

Mr. J. R. Walker and Mr. and Mrs.
J. E. Snider are spending a pleasant
holiday on the yacht "Palmetto" from
Florida, which is cruising among the
Thousand Islands.

Among those whose dance at the
R.C.Y.C. was so rudely disturbed last
Monday night were Mrs. Davidson,
Miss Joyce Grant, Mr. A. H. Edwards,
Mr. D. Bremner, Mr. E. H. Bissett,
Miss Christie, Miss Wornum, Miss Mur-
ray, Miss Muriel White, Miss Irene
Alexander, Miss T. Davidson, Miss G.
Parsons, Mr. W. Goulding, Mr. T. E.
Menzies, Miss G. Sweetman, Mr. I. G.
Ardagh, Miss Scott, Miss Macrae, Mr.
H. S. Sweetman, Mr. Norman Mac-
rae, Miss Meyer, Miss Turner, Mr. L.
A. Davidson, Mr. W. G. Duggan, Miss
Lola Duggan, Miss Maud Hearne, Mr.
G. S. Gooderham, Mr. G. Meyer, Mrs.
Ingram, Miss B. Smellie, Miss McMur-
rich.

Dr. B. L. Riordan, Mrs. Riordan and
Mr. Bruce Riordan have gone to St.
Alban's as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-
hugh.

In Kingston, on August 19, Cooke's
Church was the scene of a pretty wed-
ding, when Miss May Foden, daughter
of Mr. James Foden, was married to
Mr. J. C. McCrea of Toronto. The bride
was attended by her sister, Miss Lottie
Foden, while Mr. George H. Brydon of
Toronto acted as best man. The "Wed-
ding March" was played by Miss L.
Walker on the entrance of the bridal
party, and Rev. Alexander Laird, pas-
tor of the church, performed the cere-
mony. Mr. and Mrs. McCrea, after
their return from a two weeks' tour,
will reside in Toronto.

On Wednesday afternoon, August 17,
the marriage of Miss Jessie McCallum
of St. Catharines to Dr. B. R. Schenck
of Detroit was quietly solemnized at
St. Mark's Church, Niagara-on-the-
Lake, the Rev. John Garrett officiating.
The bride, who has been spending the
summer at Niagara with her sisters,
was most attractively gowned in
champane voile, with hat to match,
and carried a shower bouquet of bridal
roses. The beautiful old church was
artistically decorated with goldenrod
and out-of-door shrubs, the wedding
march being played by Miss Geddes,
the organist. Amidst the peals of the
chimes and the congratulatory
thunder of the guns, Dr. and Mrs. Schenck
left for a short trip, after which they
will take up their residence in Detroit,
Michigan.

Mrs. Hugh Armstrong and her sister,
Miss Youngblood, of Portage la
Prairie, are in town, the guests of their
cousin, Mrs. W. J. McMurtry, Jameson
avenue.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier left
Ottawa yesterday morning for Carle-
ton, Bonaventure County, where they
will spend a short vacation.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. MacLean
and Mrs. MacLean are spending a
short holiday at Penetang.

His Excellency the Governor-General
and the Countess of Minto will sail for
England on October 21.

Miss Daisy Mason of London and the
Misses Pauline and Louise Miller
of Church street, Toronto, returned
yesterday from Buffalo, where they
were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Blake
Fraser.

Miss Lount of Bracebridge is the
guest of Mrs. Capron Brooke, Jarvis
street.

Miss Marcella Wilkes of Toronto is
visiting her sister, Miss Wilkes, 171
Laval avenue, Montreal.

The Island Amateur Athletic Associa-
tion held their usual weekly dance on
August 12 at their club-house, Center
Island. A good many Toronto people
sailed over and joined the Islanders.
Among those present were: Mr. and
Mrs. Bert Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur
Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh,
Mrs. H. Lamont, Miss Winnifred East-
wood, Miss Florence Coulter, Miss
Irene Alexander, Miss Enid Alexander,
Miss Dimple Cosgrave, Miss Beatrice
Cosgrave, Miss Edith Sweetman, Mr.
Arthur Murdoch, Mr. Arthur Hewitt,
Mr. Jack Eastwood, Mr. R. S. Cussels,
Mr. Wingate.

Miss Sophie E. Rutley of San Fran-
cisco, California, is visiting Mrs. L. G.
Amaden of 87 Howland avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Lansing of Hunts-
ville announce the engagement of their
daughter, Emma Viola, to Mr. Leigh
Richmond Knight of Guelph, son of
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Knight of Lindsay.
The wedding will take place at All
Saints Church, Huntsville, on Tues-
day, September 6.

The marriage of Miss Mary Gracey
Heydon to Mr. Charles Arthur O'Connell
of Toronto, took place at St. Cecilia's
Church, Toronto Junction, Tuesday
morning, August 23, at 10 o'clock.

"Fairview," the pretty residence of
Mr. John Mann of Brantford, was the
scene of an interesting wedding on
Wednesday, August 10, when his
youngest daughter, Laura, became the
wife of Mr. E. Blake Terryberry. The
bride looked charming in a dainty
gown of white crepe de Chine and car-
ried a shower bouquet of white roses
and lilies of the valley. The drawing-

THE MICROBE OF OLD AGE.

Dr. METCHNIKOFF, the cele-
brated bacteriologist of the Pas-
teur Institute, has discovered
the microbe of old age. He did
not make the statement in
so many words, but that is just what
his theory comes to. He expounded it
at a scientific lecture on the subject
of "Senility," which was treated with
admirable lucidity and simplicity, and
was wholly devoid of sensationalism.
Though the announcements which it
contained were sensational in them-
selves. What is old age? the lecturer
asked. He dismissed the theory
that senile decrepitude is due to de-
crease of reproductive power in the
cells of the organism, pointing out that,
on the contrary, certain cells, such as
those of the hair, often display greater
activity in old age. The professor pro-
ceeded to expound his own theory,
which in brief, is that senility is a
microbian infection. It is well known
that microbes are far from being all
inimical to the human body. We could
not, in fact, live without the good offices
of the beneficial bacteria, called
"microphagi," which spend their own
existence fighting the unfriendly mi-
crobes, and thus prolong our days. But
it now seems that the good microbe
turns Turk after we have reached a
certain age, and the discovery of that
fact is the foundation of Dr. Metchnikoff's
theory. The microphagi, in ques-
tion, after helping us to live, compass
our downfall and death. Perhaps be-
cause they themselves decay, they
spread a slow infection in our system
which produces senile decrepitude.
Now, the favorite residence of the
microphagi in human beings is the
great intestine. Birds, in whose sys-
tem the latter organ is reduced to its
smallest expression, live much longer
than mammals.

A radical remedy for the microbian
infection of old age would be the re-
moval of the great intestine. Failing
that method, to which there are ob-
vious drawbacks, in the present state
of science at all events, Dr. Metchnikoff
recommends treatment by certain
foods, such as curdled milk, which will
introduce into the system bacteria
counteracting what he calls "our in-
testinal flora." On the other hand, raw
fruit and vegetables multiply the flora
in question rapidly. However, the only
real antidote to old age will be an art-
ificially-manufactured serum, which will
act directly on the microbes of senility.
Dr. Metchnikoff is engaged on re-
searches to discover such a serum.
When he finds it he lets us expect
not eternal youth, perhaps, but at least
a ripe old age, not only prolonged far
beyond the present span of man's ex-
istence, but free to the last of any
senile decay.

Central Business College

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Annual enrolment
over 1200 students.
Regular staff
includes 16
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Fall Term
opens Sept. 1st.

Write for Prospectus
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When you take a Turkish Bath you
should have the best, the kind that not
only sweats out the poisonous skin se-
cretions, but fills the system with oxygen
at the same time.

Cook's is the only Turkish Bath in
Canada that gives a thorough supply of
oxygen—it has a ventilating equipment
found in no other Turkish Bath.

Ladies' days Monday, Wednesday and
Friday, 9.30 to 12 a.m., closing at 2 p.m.
Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m.,
during the day, or all night, including
bed, \$1.00.

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Cool Breezes Blow at CALEDONIA SPRINGS

"Roasting days" and "sleepless
nights" are not often experienced at
this ideal summer resort. Delightful
breezes make the days and nights re-
freshing and invigorating. Amuse-
ments galore for young and old. Rest
and quiet for those who do not care
for exercise. The Grand Hotel is with-
out a superior among summer hostleries.
Matchless service and cuisine. Steam
heat. Hot and cold baths.

"Magg" Caledonia Water is nature's greatest
cure for rheumatism. Drink it with the springs,
where it bubbles up from virgin rock.
For rates, room, etc., address
FREDERIC A. JONES, Manager
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Write for special September
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Train connections made by private
launch after regular summer boat ser-
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Grunwald, Muskoka, Ont.

"THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK"

Is something absolutely
unique in this world.—
President Roosevelt.

The popular route to this de-
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to Monida, thence by stage to
all points in the park.

The stage ride from Monida,
by the splendid Concord
Coaches of the Monida &
Yellowstone Stage Co., through
scenery hardly inferior to the
park itself.

Very low rates during June,
July, August and September

Inquire of
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A beautiful resort with outdoor amusements and wooded
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Atherley near Orillia, Ontario.

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in Germany—Rhens on the Rhine.

Its mild and refreshing taste, its natural effervescence, its
agreeable flavor and purity make the "RHENS" Water
unrivalled as a **Table Drink** for daily use. It mixes with
milk, white or red wines, champagnes, liquors of all kinds and
fruit syrups, without affecting either their color or particular
properties, and is therefore highly relished by the fastidious.

For Sale at leading Drug Stores and first-
class Hotels and Cafes.

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Through Pullman Sleepers at 8.00
a.m. and 4.40 p.m. to World's Fair,
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\$19.20
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DELIGHTFUL VACATION TRIPS
\$24.75 Sault Ste Marie and Mackinaw
and Return

Steamers leave Collingwood every Tuesday, Wed-
nesday, Friday and Saturday via N.N. Co.

HIGHLANDS Muskoka Lake Points, \$4.50 to
OF \$7.00.
ONTARIO Georgian Bay, \$4.75 to \$13.75.
Lakes of Huron, \$5.25 to \$7.50.

Eastern Points.

Quebec.....\$20.85
Halifax.....40.00
White Mountain Resorts.....24.00 to 25.50
Seaside Resorts.....24.00 to 26.00

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tion call at City Office, North-west corner King
and Yonge Streets. Phone Main 4209.

Orange Meat

Save Your Muttons

Wanted.
First-Class Carriage Trimmer. Must be man of
ability and able to handle men. Capacity from 1000
to 1500 lbs per year. Must be sober and reliable and
a hustler. Good job for right man.
Address Box No. 105, Detroit, Mich.

Ladies Wanted

to train for Nursing. Write Box 208,
PORT ELGIN, ONT.

Crabshaw—Physical culture is a great
thing. I've been at it for ten years.
Crabshaw—Why don't you start a
class of your own?
Crabshaw—I haven't the physique.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ST. LOUIS

and return
\$19.20

Good 15 Days
with stop-over at Canadian points, Detroit and
Chicago.

THROUGH SLEEPER
leaves Toronto for ST. LOUIS at 7.55 p.m.
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Bring your films and plates to us
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obtainable. We have our own
finishing department, and can give
you prompt returns.

C. B. PETRY, Proprietor.



Special Value in
Good Quality
**Suit
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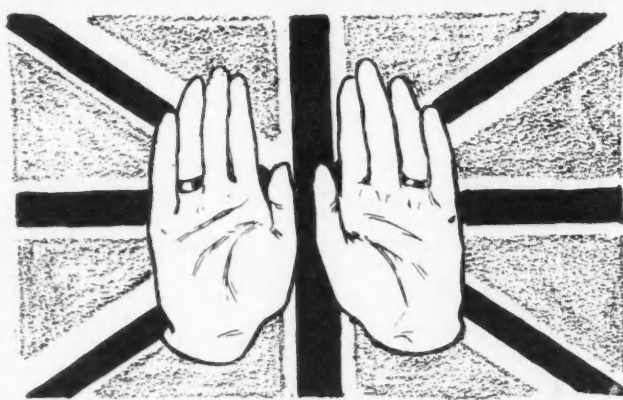
Made of the finest quality of
grain leather in russet, brown
and olive colors. Leather-
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frames. Extra fine brass
spring lock and catches. 24
inches long.

No. 718, 6 inches deep, 9.00
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Catalogue "S" is mailed
free. It illustrates beautifully
the special lines of Traveling
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Express charges paid in Ont-
ario.



The Julian Sale

Leather Goods Co.,
Limited
105 King St. West, Toronto.



"Those Hands Upon the Flag"

(With apologies to the Toronto "Star's" political cartoonist.)

The cartoon which appeared in the "Evening Star" of August 5th was intended to carry a political significance only, yet to the majority of readers of that paper it suggested first the DUNLOP TIRE COMPANY's familiar trade mark, the "Two Hands." The incident which called the cartoon into print is now with the past, but the DUNLOP COMPANY has adopted the design as a pictorial emblem of the fact that DUNLOP RUBBER GOODS are made by British workmen.

ROGERS' FINE FURNITURE

Mahogany Dining-Room Suites

Our display of Mahogany Dining-Room Furniture is unequalled in Canada. It includes some exquisite examples in the Sheraton and Chippendale styles as well as some fine Colonial reproductions.

Our prices are much lower than importers can afford to quote because we build the furniture here in Toronto and save you both duty and freight.

During August we quote greatly
reduced prices on everything in
stock

The Rogers Furniture Co.
Limited
97 YONGE STREET

The Central Business College.

We learn that this college attracted more than twelve hundred students to its various departments last year, and that fully ninety per cent. of them stepped out of the college into suitable positions in business houses.

This means much to the intending student, as it is really a practical guarantee of thorough training and immediate employment, as no school could possibly place so many students unless

it enjoyed the full confidence of employers, such as this school has won by its unremitting efforts to turn out good products.

We understand the fall session of the college will open on September 1 next, and that those who propose to spend a term in it should apply early for registration. A request for particulars addressed to the Principal, Mr. W. H. Shaw, will doubtless receive prompt attention.



Mr. Justice Harvey and Mrs. Harvey, who have been at the King Edward for several weeks, left Toronto last Wednesday for their Western home, which in the future will be at Macleod.

It really seemed in the month of June, when all the carriages in the city were in demand for brides and wedding guests, that the woman who chose to be married in any other month would be hopelessly out of fashion and the ceremony would be lacking in conventional prettiness. But the August brides seem quite content with goldenrod surroundings, the maidens who have chosen September are already planning for "after weddings," and the brides of October and November can turn exultingly to the chrysanthemum picturesqueness. One rash girl elected to be married last Saturday, although the day is proverbially unlucky, and the thirteenth besides. She also insisted on having an opal engagement ring and refused to wear "something blue." Such a tempting of all tradition ought to bring a small bit of ill luck, but those who know the two brave young persons refuse to believe in anything but their prosperity. The ugly custom of rice-throwing is fast disappearing in favor of confetti, and soon a "handful of the best" will be a rare sight at a wedding conducted on the best modern principles. By the way, confetti may be a less stinging form of congratulation, but it clings to chiffon and lace for an extraordinary length of time, and refuses to be shaken off lightly.

Mr. Garnet Whitney, son of Mr. J. P. Whitney, M.P.P., is spending a few days in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvie J. Strong of Winnipeg are visiting Mr. Strong's parents in Earl street.

Mrs. George Kerr and Miss Estelle Kerr will sail from New York on September 3. They expect to remain in Paris for a year, where Miss Kerr will pursue her studies in art. Many Toronto friends who have appreciated her clever work wish her every success in artistic experience abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Percival Parker have taken the Kerr residence in Madison avenue for the year, while Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradley Gundy will occupy 316 St. George street, the former residence of Mr. Parker.

Miss Seymour of Ottawa is visiting Mrs. Ridout, 250 Rusholme road.

Mrs. C. C. James is spending a few weeks in Cobourg.

Mrs. C. A. E. Harris of "Earningscliffe," Ottawa, is at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

Mrs. DuMoulin and Miss Frances DuMoulin, who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alder Bliss at Chelsea, have gone to Montreal for a short visit.

The engagement is announced in Victoria, B.C., of Miss Violet Vernon, daughter of Mr. C. A. Vernon, to Lieutenant Blandy, R.N.

Captain and Mrs. Bruce Carruthers have returned to Kingston from Caledonia Springs.

Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Miss Clark and Miss Beckett of Ottawa have been spending a few days at the Minnicoganshene, in Georgian Bay. At Midland Lady Elizabeth Cochrane was the guest of Mrs. James Playfair.

Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne has been staying at the Manoir Richelieu in Quebec.

Among the Toronto guests recently registered at the Minnicoganshene, near Penetanguishene, are: Mrs. Henry Beatty, Miss Mary Beatty, Mr. G. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Laidlaw, Miss Irene Wilson, Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. John I. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mr. Robert Davidson, Mr. Ernest Gunther, Mrs. Rose, the Misses Rose, Mr. Hugh Rose, Miss Kline, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Miss Louise Matthews, Mrs. Amelius Jarvis, Miss Bertha Jarvis, Mr. B. S. Anderson, Mr. Frank Wilson, Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. B. F. O'Reilly, Mr. A. White, Mrs. Vere Brown and family, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hooper and Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Anderson.

Mr. S. Crawford Richards, youngest son of Hon. Mr. Justice Richards of Winnipeg, and a very popular young man in the West, who has been the guest of his uncle, Colonel Drury, at Gananoque, returned to the city last Thursday, and is the guest of Mr. T. L. Church at the Island. He leaves for Winnipeg to-morrow, and will return next year for the Royal Canadian Henley.

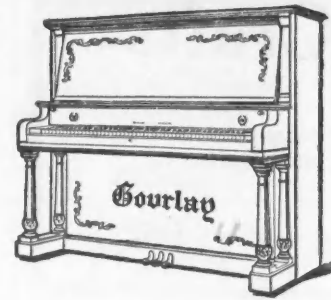
Mr. Gerald Aldous of Winnipeg Rowing Club, who was visiting friends in Ottawa and Montreal, passed through Toronto yesterday on his way home.

Mr. Thomas L. Church was in Ottawa last week on a trip up the Gatineau, the guest of Messrs. McGee of Ottawa.

Next Thursday night Mr. John Rummen, assisted by Miss Colburn, Mr. Goad and Miss Crawford, will give an "Evening with Charles Dickens." The entertainment is to be held at the Willard Home for Girls, which is an institution deserving of every support, and which since its organization nine years ago has done a good work in protecting young girls who come to the city. The entertainment will be given in Guild Hall, McGill street.

Among the guests at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, are: The Earl of Suffolk, Mr. Wilfred L. Hep-ton, Mrs. Bernard W. Williams, England; Mrs. J. A. Watts, Miss Hall; Mr. H. Dixon, Mr. W. Nicol Kingsmill, Miss Kingsmill, Mrs. E. G. Fitzgerald, Mrs. E. C. Morrison, Mr. J. Peyton Montmorency Clark, Miss Glass, Mr. A. L. Massey, Mr. C. E. Burns, Mr. A. W. Barnard, Mr. W. R. Downs, Mr. G. S. Beadmore, Mr. A. S. Pick, Mr. G. W. Palmer, Mrs. G. W. Palmer, Mr. J. Cruso, Miss Irene Foy, Miss Pauline Foy, Mr. F. W. Strathy, Mr. H. P. Coleman, Mr. A. E. Boyle, Mr. G. D. McCullough, Mr. G. G. Fawkes, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. James Falconbridge, Mr. C. Burney, Mr. N. Gurney, Mr. H. Cloud, Mr. R. Burns, Toronto; Mrs. G. W. R. M. Fitzgerald, Hamilton; Miss Rummen, Mr. F. W. Wright, Mr. A. B. Bentley, Mr. W. E. G. Bradley, Mr. H. W. Bowen, New York; Mr. G. Beals, Miss L. I. Sinclair, Mr. and

THE GOURLAY PIANO



HIGH
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BUT WORTH
ITS PRICE

THE GOURLAY PIANO is not created for what is commonly termed "the popular demand"—a demand for an instrument at a low price—limitation which prevents the achievement of the ideal. The buyers whose demand the GOURLAY anticipates, are those who realize:

FIRST—The importance of a piano being built, not only on scientific principles, but thoroughly well constructed of the best materials and with the utmost skill and care.

SECOND—That approximate perfection is only attained through the highest degree of human achievement, and that this implies a relatively high cost.

The price of the GOURLAY is based on merit alone.

But it is not prohibitive, nor is it dear, when quality is considered.

If you are interested, write for our new illustrated catalogue.

Time spent in examination of the GOURLAY is time well spent.

Gourelay, Winter & Leeming

188 Yonge Street, Toronto

It May Interest You

To know that the service of the Niagara River Line steamers is not equalled in any part of the world, taking into consideration the distance traveled and the class of steamers. Six trips daily except Sunday. Leaving here by the 3.45 p.m. trip, you may go directly to Lewiston and return the same evening, arriving here at 10.30 p.m.; or leave the steamer at Niagara-on-the-Lake, and return by steamer "Chippewa," arriving in Toronto at 8.30 p.m. The beautiful moonlight effect on the water now makes this trip one of real pleasure.

We are offering special rates to St. Louis Fair, using the rail lines from Suspension Bridge and Buffalo, the fastest and most comfortable way to the greatest Fair the world has ever known. Ask Niagara River Line for rates and advertising matter.

Finest of Equipment

On International Limited, leaving Toronto at 4.40 p.m., via Grand Trunk, daily, for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. Through Pullman sleepers to Chicago and St. Louis. Cafe parlor car to Detroit.

Call at City Office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets, for tickets and full information.

One Hundred Miles in a Canoe.

With the opening up of New Ontario by the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, which is now building towards James Bay, a party of Grand Trunk representatives toured through the Temagami country, and have just returned, having made a canoe trip of over a hundred miles through this magnificent territory.

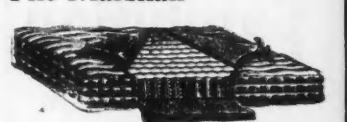
Mr. H. R. Charlton, advertising agent; J. W. Swan, official photographer, accompanied by Mr. W. E. Davis, Jr., and three guides, started in at Temagami, about 300 miles north of Toronto and 75 miles north of North Bay, covering Lake Temagami, Lady Evelyn Lake, Willow Lake and adjacent streams, returning via the Montserrat River and a chain of lakes leading back to their starting-point.

The party say that it is not only one of the finest trips on the continent, but that the fishing is without a peer. Bass, wall-eyed pike (dore) and pickerel abound in Lady Evelyn Lake, while in the tributaries to Willow Lake and all the streams to the north, speckled trout weighing up to three pounds are plentiful. The bass run up to five pounds, though some larger ones are occasionally caught. The whole country in this region, says Mr. Charlton, is beyond compare, and is practically virgin territory for the sportsman. The new railway, for a distance of 110 miles from North Bay to New Liskeard, will be in operation next year. Moose, ducks and partridge are also found in abundance, the party having seen during their trip numbers of each.

Births

Agar—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Edward A. Agar, a son.
Cottworth—August 9, Toronto, Mrs. C. E. Cottworth, a daughter.
Cuddy—August 12, Toronto, Mrs. Alfred Cuddy, a son.
Goodman—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Joseph Goodman, a daughter.
Leeming—August 12, Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Leeming, a son.
Marks—August 13, Port Arthur, Mrs. Geo. T. Marks, a daughter.
Molyneux—August 12, North Bay, Mrs. F. C. Molyneux, a son.
Nerlich—August 17, Toronto, Mrs. Emil Nerlich, a son.
Ransford—August 15, Orillia, Mrs. Henry Ransford, a son.
Reid—August 8, Grace Hospital, Mrs. William Reid, a daughter.
Scott—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Robert F. Scott, a daughter.
Sheppard—August 10, Espanola, Mrs.

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users testify as to its **Comfortable, Healthy and Durable** qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

Harry E. Sheppard, a son.
Smith—August 15, Toronto, Mrs. Herbert E. Smith, a son.
Warren—August 15, Mrs. W. A. Warren, a son.

Marriages

Mackie—Dingle—At the Presbyterian Church, Oshawa, on August 11, 1904, by the Rev. Charles W. Gordon, Emma Louise, fourth daughter of R. J. Mackie, Esq., to Guy Vivian Dingle, Winnipeg.
Chambers—Verrall—At the home of the bride's mother, Gagetown, Mich., Dr. J. S. Chambers of Toronto to Emma C. Verrall, daughter of the late Geo. R. Verrall, August 16, 1904.
Baldson—Foulds—Florence Foulds to Frederick J. C. Baldson.
Beckett—Fletcher—August 16, Barrie, Florence Ethel Fletcher to Samuel G. Beckett.
Benson—Russell—August 8, Toronto, Margaret (May) Blanche Russell to John Worthington Benson.
Burrill—Lennon—August 17, Toronto, Bertha Madeline Lee to William Birkett Burrill.
Blissett—Gartley—August 17, St. Catharines, Anna Rose Gartley to Allan Godfrey Blissett.
Davis—Cavers—August 17, "Norfolk," Oakville, Agnes Galt Cavers to William Sinclair Davis.
Henry—Harper—August 17, Sarah Harper to Frederick W. Henry.
Roswell—Barbour—August 9, Toronto, Jessie Barbour to A. B. Roswell.
Wight—Craig—August 10, Parkdale, Madeline E. Craig to Cyndy J. Wight.
Young—Harrison—August 17, Toronto, Bertha M. Harrison to Harry R. Young.

Deaths

Bell—August 16, Toronto, William Bell, aged 56 years.
Craig—August 10, Craighurst, Susan Carver, widow of John Craig.
Elliott—August 16, Agincourt, Elizabeth Elliott, aged 66 years.
Fenson—August 16, Toronto, Alice Catherine Fenson, aged 40 years.
Hatch—At Toronto, Sarah M. Hatch, aged 70 years.
Johnston—At Toronto, Grace Johnston, aged 68 years.
Kinton—August 13, Sudbury General Hospital, Florence E. Kinton, aged 5 years and 6 months.
Mainer—August 14, Toronto, Abraham Mainer, aged 58 years.
Marsh—Sudden, in Toronto, Mrs. J. E. Marsh of Markdale.
McCaw—August 16, Toronto, Margaret Marr McCaw, aged 59 years.
Milligan—August 12, Toronto, Jane Hall Milligan.
Orrett—August 16, Toronto, Emma Sophia Orrett, aged 46 years.

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A Canadian Booklet.

The Independent Order of Foresters has issued a little booklet called "National Facts and Figures," which should be in the hands of everyone who desires to have all the facts as to Canada's territory, resources, commerce, mines, railways, education, canals, militia, religious denominations, harvests, trade, etc., at hand in a concise and handy form. Indeed, as a little compendium of Canadian facts it is invaluable. If you desire a copy of "National Facts and Figures" send your address upon a postcard to Dr. Oronhyatekha, S. C. E. home office of the I.O.F., Temple Building, Toronto, Ont.

Dining or Cafe Parlor Cars

On the Grand Trunk are strictly first-class meals a la carte. These cars are now running on following traffic from Toronto: 8.00 a.m., for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis; 9.00 a.m., for Thousand Islands, Montreal and eastward; 1.30 a.m., for Georgian Bay, Muskoka and Lake of Bays; 1.45 p.m., for North Bay; 4.10 p.m., for Niagara Falls and Buffalo; 4.40 p.m., International Limited, for Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis; 6.00 p.m., for Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

If you have never tried the experience of a meal while traveling at 93 miles an hour, try it.